What Price Arab Unity?

CDC May 1, 1958 25¢

THE BELGIANS TRY FRATERNALISM IN THE CONGO

THE REPORTER

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Not Their Business Alone

We cannot possibly dismiss what is happening to France now as something that occurs in the more or less remote world of foreign or alien people. French culture, French traditions are too much a part of our own culture and of our own tradition. We are not referring just to Lafayette and Montesquieu; we are talking of the living present. Of course France is a foreign nation, but it can never become alien to us.

The French themselves, of course, are largely responsible for this state of affairs. With their incomparable gift of communication they have never failed to let the outside world share their troubles, their glories, and the unending richness of their creativeness. In other words, whatever affects the destiny of France has always been automatically "internationalized."

For many of us, the Second World War left no more horrible, indelible memory than what was called the Fall of France. It was nearly as if the world—our world—had come to an end. It was like a wound that never healed. That wound was truly "internationalized."

So is France's present plight. We just cannot conceive of France torn by civil war, or reduced to a minor semi-Balkanic nation, or plunged into some mad adventure of nationalist isolationism. Distraught as they are, the French may attribute the most outrageous, preposterous motives to our government's actions. But our nation did something to rescue France after the defeat of 1940, and our obligation to act toward France with all the firmness that the impending tragedy demands cannot be postponed any longer.

The most essential form of action is a statement of our national intentions toward France and toward North Africa. There must be peace in both places—a peace based on some form of federal union between the French and the North African nations. France now depends on us, just as France and we ourselves depend on the unity of the western world. There should be no self-consciousness on our part just because we are wealthier than France. Wealth can be a wonderful tool, provided it is used charitably and wisely.

One thing is certain: France cannot be allowed to commit suicide.

Cut-Rate Wisdom

"I am convinced we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." Thus President Hoover on May 1, 1930. Ten months later, there were eight million unemployed.

Obviously, visibility from the summit is not necessarily better than it is from the academic watchtowers or from Main Street. Of course, no two economic dips are alike. But the administration's recent backing away from anti-recession measures may be caused by a misreading of the signs, just as happened in 1929 and 1930.

Yet a possible error in chart reading is not the issue. Something has been added. True, there has been inaction in Washington. But recently the inaction has become purposeful. It is accompanied by an increasing flow of statements that the recession is good for us and that to interfere with its course can only spell disaster. Not more than six weeks ago, the Messrs. Nixon, Mitchell, and at one point even Mr. Anderson, without naming a date or amount, spoke in rather favorable terms of the curative effect of a tax cut. One might even have suspected a tax cut would come any minute.

The President's statement in February that March would see "the beginning of the end of the downturn" gave the first hint of a change. Mr. Nixon's strong pro-tax-cut statement on March 10 was about the last gasp of the interventionist school. Since then tax cuts, public works, and deficit spending have come to be frowned upon as "interference."

Bernard Baruch's appearance on April 1 and 2 before Senator Byrd's Banking Committee was typical. For two days the committee chamber echoed to the praises of the balanced budget, the perils of governmental borrowing, the impending threat to the credit standing of the United States, and the coming triumph of the law of supply and demand over its violators. "To reduce revenues before our defenses are secure and our debt manageable is uneconomic and immoral," Mr. Baruch proclaimed. "The strained condition of our credit handicaps our efforts to cope with the recession. . . . Not until the government puts its house in order will the people know how to bring order to their own affairs." Eventually, Mr. Baruch predicted, if the recession continues, prices will fall. This ". . . is unpleasant to go through, but it is a natural process. I am certain of one thing: in the end prices will have to respond to the law of supply and demand."

It is interesting to compare Mr. Baruch's recent statement with what he had to say in February of 1933, one month before all of America was paralyzed by the closing of the banks. The best advice Mr. Baruch could give the Senate Finance Committee then on how to revive the economy was "to reject all plans which oppose or postpone the working of natural processes." And what did that mean? "From the moment we honestly balance the Federal Budget," Mr. Baruch declared, "and return to an orthodox Treasury policy, money will flow here from all the world and out of every cautious domestic hoard seeking safety and employment and we shall have reached the end of our downward path."

As of the moment, the "shake-out" boys, joined by the advocates of

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"good old-fashioned economy," appear to be in command. There are some who do not shudder at the prospect of teaching a lesson to labor or of taking over bankrupt companies. For some others, a return to the bad old days has long been overdue. Certainly if our leaders take us into a deepening recession they will differ from their 1929 predecessors in at least one significant respect: they will not have stumbled into a depression; they will have marched into it with their eyes wide open.

This element of deliberateness permeated the recent Baruch testimony. He advocated a "think body" whose motto, as far as we can understand, would be "THINK, in order to avoid, or at least postpone, action."

Mr. Baruch ended by quoting some remarks of President Eisenhower about the recess: "This is a great country still, a great people. Let us use our wisdom. We do not have to fear our enemies. No matter what they will do we will rise up again. It is up to the people themselves. I have no fear of the future if we will just use a part of that sense, fifty per cent, just half of it, if we will just use the sense and experiences we have had."

And yet in spite of the recession, prices are getting higher and higher. Only common sense is cheap—at a fifty per cent discount.

We Miss Mike

The Canadian people, in fair and free election, have given an overwhelming mandate to Mr. Diefenbaker and his party. If we were diplomats, with the responsibility of stating our country's position, nothing would be left to us but to extend to Mr. Diefenbaker our heartfelt congratulations. But we are in the somewhat different business of expressing ideas about facts, and we therefore feel compelled to move, for a brief moment, across the unguarded frontier.

To a certain extent, it can be said that the Canadians have followed a trend that has been sweeping many other countries, including our own. The trend is to go back, somewhat nostalgically, toward a perhaps irretrievably lost past. The Canadians have signified a desire to strengthen their bonds with the British Empire, just after that Empire has taken a somewhat evanescent Commonwealth form. At the same time, they have shown an inclination to be more absorbed with their own internal affairs. Many other countries have gone that way. Somehow they tend to go suburban. Here again, the United States is in the lead.

Once more, we have no reason to complain about the Canadian people and their government. Indeed, we wish them all possible luck. But we cannot forget Lester Pearson. During the time he was Canada's minister for external affairs, he worked with superior skill for his own country, for the western community, and for the U.N. Maybe the Canadians think that they are under no obligation to provide world leaders. Nobody can blame them. Yet we also hope our Canadian friends will not blame us if we say that they have dealt a serious blow to the western community and to the U.N.

No News from the D.A.R.

What with all this talk about conformity and political timidity, it is reassuring to know that at least one radical organization is still carrying on boldly. We refer, of course, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has succeeded the bedraggled Communist Party as common scold and national fault-finder-in-chief. Like the comrades, the Daughters are agin nearly everything.

At this year's Continental Congress the Revolutionary Daughters enjoyed perhaps their finest hour of blasting away at the status quo. They demanded that the U.S. withdraw from the United Nations and expel from the national soil that "refuge for disloyal Americans." In spite of President Eisenhower's pleas, they condemned reciprocal trade and foreign aid, both technical and economic. They denounced the Supreme Court and asked Congress to curb that unfortunate creation of the Founding Fathers. They took out after the National Council of Churches of Christ in America, with its thirty-eight million members, for "political, economic and socialistic one world activities." And where some congressmen would hesitantly seek to cut income taxes just a little, the Daughters demanded abolition of the income tax altogether. Yielding to no one in their espousal of military strength, their program might be summed up, "Billions for defense, but not one cent from incomes."

We Are Proud to Announce

The Reporter has recently received two awards. Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri, which was founded in 1866 by the 62nd and 65th United States Colored Infantries, has presented *The Reporter* with an award "for Significant Contributions to Better Human Relations."

Sigma Delta Chi, the fraternity of professional journalists, has selected *The Reporter* to receive the Public Service in Magazine Journalism Award of 1958 for the article "Clouds from Nevada," by Paul Jacobs, which appeared in the May 16, 1957, issue. The citation reads: "In a year that was notable for the number of excellent magazine articles fulfilling important public service functions, Paul Jacobs' report on the AEC's weapons-testing program was outstanding. Official secrecy hampered his investigation; the climate of opinion insured that the questions raised by his disclosures would be unpopular. Yet he dug out a comprehensive set of facts—and presented them compellingly—so that Americans were alerted to a real danger and provoked to discussion of policies that have deep significance for people everywhere."

Full Circle

The Ford Motor Company has decided that it needs an ally in the unfortunate situation that has arisen between the Edsel motor car and the American buyer, and has recently invested in a number of palomino ponies. Always great believers in contests to find names for things, the Edsel folks plan to give the ponies away to whoever can think up the best names for them—after test-driving one of their cars.

It is heartwarming that the old rivalry between the horse and the horseless carriage should end so happily, and that what began as a sneer on the part of the devotees of the horse should become a selling slogan for the automobile: "Get a horse!"

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CORRESPONDENCE

BOMBS AND THE SUMMIT

To the Editor: The April 3 issue of *The Reporter* did much to put the question of atomic tests in a real, if somewhat awesome, perspective. While ending tests under sound and safe inspection procedures does not furnish a sweeping answer to all the problems of peace, the subject has at least, and at last, become central to the disarmament debate.

But I would quickly add that Harrison Brown's "A Scientist's Proposal for Limiting Atomic Tests" has only limited value. Dr. Brown wisely rejects a dangerous policy of indefinite reliance on calm heads and limited wars fought on prescribed acreage under ground rules that formally or tacitly instruct belligerents on what they can and cannot do. Wars of any size are seldom started by calm heads, and certainly the troops that fight them are hardly conditioned to regulation and reason. To put it bluntly, a war generally gets out of hand.

Having built an effective argument for stopping tests, Dr. Brown falls down in trying to reckon with "bootlegging." At first glance his plan appears novel and reasonable. It isn't necessary, he contends, to ban all tests; just those within the competence of the established inspection.

What does this deceptively simple idea actually mean? I submit that it would produce nothing more than another dimension to the arms race by touching off breakneck competition in the art of evasion. Coincident with building a dependable setup, all countries would bend their energy to tearing it down.

If this weakness is more real than apparent, it gives rise to one that is both real and apparent. Consider the dilemma of the scientist representing his country at an international conference to work out reliable methods of detection. With one eye fixed on the immediate task and the other fastened on his country's urge to "be kept happy and busy exploring all possible roads . . . to circumvent these formidable restrictions," I have strong doubts that such restrictions would turn out to be so formidable after all. It is like asking a group of professional burglars to design an alarm system that would deprive them of their livelihood.

It is my view that verbal gimmicks are needed much less than the sheer weight of logic, which tells us, among other things, that the problem is still manageable but will not be for long. With adequate controls, even a nation impervious to moral obligations could gain little from an illicit test so tiny as to escape notice; and the desire to conduct any test would be cooled by the long shadow of political risk in being exposed as a willful offender against a treaty gravely affecting the future of all nations.

I believe we must find out if such an arrangement is possible. Let us see if the Kremlin really wants a suspension and whether it is fully prepared to accept an observation network on which all signatories can confidently rely. That is what Harold Stassen struggled earnestly to achieve; may those now carrying forward disarmament talks pursue the same goal with equal vigor.

JAMES P. GREENSTONE
New York

To the Editor: Your April 3 editorial, "Limits on the Arms Race," clearly defines our dilemma today, especially since the Russians have announced a cessation of weapons testing. Readers of editorial pages over the country will agree that "pressure is mounting from all sides for real negotiations and for a reduction of armaments."

MRS. FRANK SEIBERLING
Powell, Ohio

To the Editor: Your statement "let's not do to Teller what Teller and his friends did to Oppenheimer" is certainly in the best liberal tradition. However, this would appear to be a situation in which the liberal can no longer be all-tolerant and all-forgiving. Even if we need Teller as a scientist, just how justified is his laboratory prestige when applied to political matters?

JOEL E. GERSTL
Minneapolis

THE BEAT GENERATION

To the Editor: Eugene Burdick's "The Innocent Nihilists Adrift in Squaresville" in the April 3 *Reporter* is far and away the most comprehensive article on the "beat generation" that I have read.

C. J. MCCARTHY, JR.
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the Editor: I don't wish to shock you well-meaning Easterners, but no intelligent adult in San Francisco now pays any attention to the beat characters you loosely label as "artists." I was guilty of granting some of these beat bums their first publication. I felt something like pity for them. It's always the "squares" who fight for freedom and liberty, never the professional Bohemians.

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY
Inferno Press Editions
San Francisco

To the Editor: The most confusing aspect of the article is the difficulty of determining which portions represent Mr. Burdick's views and which those of the hipsters, if indeed there be a distinction. I find myself taking great exception to some of these views, and do not flinch when it is retorted that I must be a square.

I'm twenty-eight, like the hipster who dug Charlie Starkweather, and I read the account of the unloved and unlovable bandy-legged little outcast with a good shooting eye—his one talent that was death to hide. I also read about the eleven squares he killed, the child, the couples, the family of the foolish and frightened girl—it is this reveling in vicarious violence that is the most offensive attribute of today's hipster.

As for the search for experience and the accepting of it like a "precious sponge": every possible experience that would give meaning or purpose to life is avoided by the hipster—marriage, childbearing, unsought illness bravely borne, the suffering of others shared or eased. No wonder the hipster finds life empty and meaningless; he has turned aside from everything that can give it fullness or meaning. He hides himself in a miasma of dope and desultory sexual experiment which cannot possibly afford him even genuine physical satisfaction.

As to the adults who "allowed a world war, a cold war, and Korea"—they were the children of adults who had allowed a First World War, a Marxist revolution, a Chinese revolution, a Spanish Civil War, a Mexican revolution—and those adults were the children of other adults who had allowed a U.S. Civil War, ad infinitum. This heritage is universal. It is not possible to place the blame unless we allow it to be heaped upon Adam and Eve, or perhaps dare to accept it ourselves.

In conclusion I must tell a little story, so settle back with your wine, man. Like Mr. Burdick's friend, I too remember something when *I* was a little child. I was taken by my parents to the St. Louis Art Museum, and was allowed to wander from room to room unhindered. I lingered as long as I liked in each room, and finally I found a little room lighted like a chapel. In the middle of the room was a delicate fourteenth-century (I now presume) Madonna and Child of wood; not very tall, but exquisitely carved, the remnants of the paint and gilt still faintly glowing. The Mother looked tenderly upon the gold-crowned Child she held cradled amongst the intricate folds of her mantle against her breast. I stood looking long at this statue, held there in a kind of singing stillness. Then I heard a sound, and I turned and saw a museum guard, an ordinary, seamed old man in a wrinkled uniform. He had probably been watching me for some time. When he knew that I saw him, he smiled at me, a smile of something inexpressible and wonderful shared fully, and I smiled at him. You see why, man?

NANCY-LOU PATTERSON
Seattle

To the Editor: The real point about these "innocent nihilists" and their absurd cult is missed by Mr. Burdick. If hipsters were a problem rather than the symptoms of a problem, then Mr. Burdick's clever (and ambivalent) little piece might serve some useful purpose. Christians could organize missions to North Beach and the chairman of A.D.A. might set straight that hipster who could think of no other "constructive" life but "Junior League-ing or settlement work."

As it is, however, American liberals are every bit as "beat" as the San Francisco faddists, and even less imaginative. *On the Road*, bad as it is, is refreshing and optimistic in contrast with Mr. Burdick's essay (or his own novel). How about an article analyzing the young men who sit around discussing Dr. Kissinger's limited wars?

PAUL BRESLOW
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR who has lived for years in the Middle East, most recently in Saudi Arabia, **Richard H. Nolte** examines the complex economic and political situation of that strange country. Not so long ago it used to be said that our Middle Eastern policy was anchored in the absolute power of King Saud. This particular anchor now seems lost, for most of the powers of the state have been taken over by the king's brother, Crown Prince Faisal. Yet Saudi Arabia's main concern is how and where to sell its oil. Recently a number of promoters from various nations, including Japan, have been tempting the Saudis with offers of better deals than their arrangement with Aramco. Moreover, that particular passion called nationalism has been fanned among the oil derricks and in the deserts. The basic conflict, we submit, is between nationalism and the profit motive. And we assume that after much haggling and bargaining, Prince Faisal and Sheik Tariki, the chief oilman of the country, will be clever enough to realize on which side their bread is buttered.

Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** has gone once more to Cairo to take a close look at what's happening there under the rule of a man who for a long time has specialized in anti-western ranting. His reputation in the Arab world keeps soaring, Mrs. Sterling reports, but his fellow Egyptians have become somewhat downcast and listless. Nasser himself seems to have realized that he has probably gone too far in his peculiar brand of neutrality.

The state of affairs in these two Arab countries has prompted **Max Ascoli** to re-examine, in his editorial, a doctrine that was supposed to put everything in order throughout the entire region. The Eisenhower Doctrine has failed utterly, but this failure itself may turn out to be less of a national calamity than one further step in the hard process of our education in diplomacy.

Ever rising prices along with rising unemployment—the most disturbing aspect of our recession—is analyzed by **John L. Hess,** a New York newspaperman. . . . **J. H. Huizinga's** article on the Belgian Congo is the first of three reports on Africa from the international correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*. . . . Our specialist in Russian affairs, **Isaac Deutscher,** author of *Russia in Transition* (Coward-McCann), examines the causes and significance of Khrushchev's self-promotion. It has been said by many that Khrushchev has now put on Stalin's boots. According to Mr. Deutscher, such a view is a gross oversimplification. Unlike Stalin, Khrushchev is not, and cannot act as if he were, the incarnation of some dreadful god. He is simply the entirely human, very resourceful, and completely ruthless leader of a one-party government. . . . It goes without saying that Canadian elections are strictly the business of the Canadian people, but we cannot help feeling deeply concerned with Canada's politics, just as Canadians must inevitably be greatly concerned with ours. **G. Gerald Harrop,** who teaches Biblical studies at the divinity school of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, does not pretend to be dispassionate in his report of Mr. Pearson's defeat; neither are we in acknowledging it. . . . The American labor movement, like every large-scale organization in our country, cannot avoid its share of trouble. **Will Chasan,** a free-lance writer, tells about some steps that labor is taking in order to face the problem of racial discrimination within its ranks.

Nat Hentoff is co-editor of *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* and *The Jazz Makers* (Rinehart), and a frequent contributor to this magazine. . . . **Roger Maren** is a young musicologist living in Princeton. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt). . . . **Perry Miller** is professor of American Literature at Harvard.

Our cover is by **Jay Jacobs.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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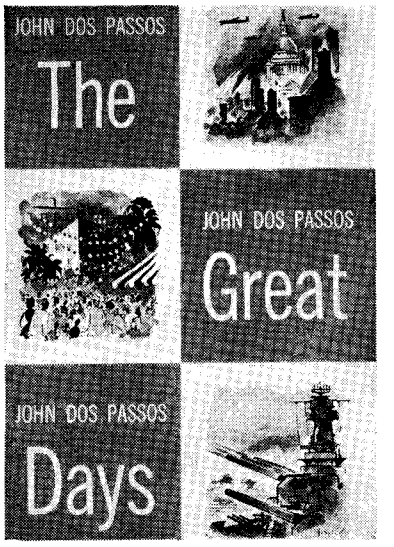

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The Unlamented Doctrine

IF NOT FORCE, then what? If the means of war are not to be used, then how and by what means can changes in the international order be furthered or resisted?

Our diplomacy has been determined to avoid both war and substitutes for war. This policy of involuntary commitment to the status quo has emerged with unmistakable clarity whenever the peace of the world—which means peace between the two major powers in the world—has been threatened. One should never forget those days immediately after the tragic revolt of the Hungarian people when the fear in Washington that East Germany could go the way of Hungary reached panic proportions.

Those were also the days of Suez, when Russian "volunteers" were supposed to arrive any moment on the banks of the Nile. It was then that the Eisenhower Doctrine was born. Our commitment to the status quo has never been so clearly formulated: ". . . the United States regards as vital to the national interest and world peace the preservation of the independence and integrity of the nations of the Middle East."

We were ready to fight international Communism, which we conceived to be the only threat against the independence and integrity of the Middle Eastern nations. But international Communism failed to comply, and nothing happened in the Middle East that could even remotely be construed as Communist aggression. We subsidized some governments which, having pocketed our subsidy, hastened to repudiate the doctrine. Lately it has become fashionable even at home to disengage the name Eisenhower from the doctrine, which is now referred to as the "Middle East Resolution."

Yet changes have taken place in the Middle East—changes that the erstwhile doctrine could neither foresee nor prevent. At least a couple of nations in that region have gone, more or less voluntarily, into a sort of receivership. Things move particularly fast in that part of the world, where it is not yet clear whether the fantastic wealth of oil will turn out to be a blessing or a curse for these poor, poor peoples.

FORTUNATELY, the mistakes we have made in the Middle East are so glaring that the way to correct them is nearly self-evident. We don't want to use force in the Middle East or anywhere else, and we should know by now that the men who control international Communism are not inclined to furnish us with the pretext to use the force we abhor.

In the game of Levantine politics the Communists have an edge on us. The technique of infiltration is rather unfamiliar to our diplomats, no matter how many double and triple agents they care to hire. When we finance a dynasty or a clique, the whole world knows about it. And, usually, it's a lame duck.

Where we are dealing with nations that have just been born or whose ancient structure has been radically revamped, as in the case of Egypt, it is very difficult to size up their stability or their capacity to stand the test of time. All the certificates of nationhood and sovereignty that have been issued so freely during the last few years are nothing but certificates of credit. As a people that is supposed to have some acquaintance with business, we should know that credit makes no sense unless it is limited and closely watched.

This demands of us both kindness and toughness in dealing with somewhat tentative and improbable nations like those of the Middle East, where the let's-pretend game is played with adolescent fervor. Here, all tribute should be paid President Nasser: in the space of a very few years, he has made himself into a plausible imitation of Nehru. He has made the Egyptians into an Arab people, and now the Arab world seems to be in the process of achieving national or federal unity under the auspices of the self-made leader of self-made Arabs.

We need a policy of detachment—which doesn't mean disengagement—in our approach to the Middle East. If the chieftains who claim to be the Middle Eastern peoples merge their precarious sovereignties, there is no reason why we should consider this a blow. If the united Arab states want to be neutral, we should have no ground for objections—provided the neutrality is not an utter sham. The Arabs will play us off against the Russians, and vice versa. But this is really their least claim to originality.

WE CERTAINLY have no right to tell the Arab nations how they should share their oil wealth. But we have every possible right to graduate our economic assistance in relation to the degree of inter-regional community of interest their leaders develop. And then, according to the principle that everybody should be considered endowed with some sanity unless his lunacy is proved, we must assume the Arab leaders know that their oil can find a profitable market only in the West.

There is something else that these men, and first of all Nasser, must know by now: their region has become the most critical buffer zone between the East and the West. Therefore, no war they start can ever remain restricted.

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Faisal Takes Over In Saudi Arabia

RICHARD H. NOLTE

On March 23, King Saud ibn Abdul-Aziz of Saudi Arabia issued a royal decree conferring unlimited power over "internal, external, and financial policies" on his half brother, Crown Prince Faisal. It was a kind of abdication. Saud remains king and will continue to reign, but it is Faisal, it seems, who will rule.

Theories about the meaning of the change are numerous. Some argue that it will mean a new lease on life for the House of Saud. For the Saudi people, say others, it will be a Rubicon between the corrupt tradition-bound past and a progressive, thrifty future. It portends a fateful tightening of the Arab ring around Israel. It opens opportunities for the Kremlin. It foreshadows a tighter squeeze on the American oil companies in Saudi Arabia. It signalizes a decisive eastward shift in the Middle Eastern power balance.

All these things are possible, but until confirmed by events they remain shadowed in doubt. There is no doubt at all, however, in the minds of President Nasser and his Arab nationalist followers about the meaning of Faisal's new eminence. To them, it marks another obstacle overcome, another victorious milestone achieved in their progress toward unity, neutralism, and strength. "Oh, Mr. Dulles," crowed Cairo's *Al Shaab*, "please tell us what you can do now to save your puppet? . . ."

The Bribe That Failed

The events in King Saud's palace-and-mud-hut capital of Riyadh on March 23 were set off a few weeks earlier in Damascus, when King Saud and his palace guard were charged with sponsoring and financing a conspiracy to prevent Egyptian-Syrian union, or, failing that, to assassinate Nasser. Photostats were displayed of canceled checks totaling $5,320,000, allegedly the down payment on a projected $53 million, and for the first time, Nasser's propaganda guns turned full blast against Saud. Saud appointed a commission to investigate (which soon resigned), but he himself issued no clear denial. Whether or not the charges were true, they were widely believed, and there was widespread indignation in Saudi Arabia at this "treacherous plot" against Nasser. On March 17, in a huge tent in the desert near Riyadh, some three dozen princes of the Saudi line—brothers and nephews of the king—met in a tense family reunion to debate the situation.

According to Arab diplomats recently returned to the United States from the Middle East, the course of that family debate is now fairly clear. The princes agreed that for the first time since 1902, when Ibn Saud began the consolidation of Arabia, the Saudi monarchy was in danger. People were beginning to speak openly against the king. Saud's "evil advisers," who were responsible for the "total corruption" in the country, had to be removed.

In the midst of proposals that the king be required to abdicate in favor of Faisal, the latter broke silence to state that he had sworn at his father's deathbed to serve his brother as king for as long as he lived and would therefore take no part in forcing abdication. The compromise solution was to present Saud with a demand that Faisal, in his hitherto nominal capacity as prime minister and foreign minister, be given plenary powers to "restore the prestige and dignity of the House of Saud." Aware of the forces arrayed against him, the king yielded. On March 23 the royal decree made it official.

Hand in the Sand

Crown Prince Faisal ibn Abdul-Aziz, fifty-four, second son of "the Great King," contrasts with his royal brother in a number of ways. Reticent where Saud is outgoing, of comparatively simple tastes and no great lover of pomp and circumstance, monogamous and married to the same wife for twenty-six years, he is also far more experienced in diplomacy and foreign affairs. His diplomatic missions in 1926 and 1932 (which included a visit to the Soviet Union) helped to distinguish him as the foremost Saudi diplomat. In 1945 he helped to organize the U.N. in San Francisco, and he led the Saudi delegation at the General Assembly meetings of 1947-1948 that dealt with the partition of Palestine and the establishment of Israel. In 1955 he went to the Asian-African Conference at Bandung.

Faisal began his military exploits in his early teens, and in 1926 he succeeded in "pacifying" the Hejaz, having dispossessed the Hashemite great-grandfather of the present kings of Iraq and Jordan, and going on to rule it as his father's viceroy. Since then, he has played a leading role in the gradual modernization of government in Saudi Arabia.

There is no doubt that Faisal will bring stature and experience to his new role. But at the same time, he may lack some of the stamina and tenacity necessary to keep up with the daily burden of detail, intrigue, and time-consuming protocol. (He has been ill, and was in the U.S. for several months recently for medical

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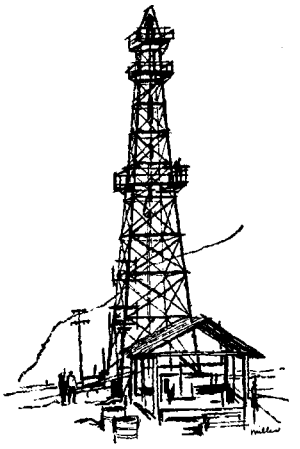
treatment.) And it must also be borne in mind that in recent years Faisal's fence mending among the tribal sheiks upon whose loyalty he must rely has been neglected. A thrifty man in a society where nobility and popularity are commensurate with open-handed prodigality, Faisal is handicapped by being thought of as *bakhil*—stingy.

He is also something of an enigma. His father used to say: "Saud is an open heart who can never keep a secret or hide an emotion. But Faisal! God help those who fight him for he is like moving sands—the deeper you plunge your hand into them, the less you know where they end."

At the same time, however, Faisal makes no secret of his feelings on a number of issues. He is a strong Arab nationalist—except where a threat to the Saudi monarchy is involved. He believes that good relations with Egypt must be the cornerstone of Saudi foreign policy. Like many other Saudi princes, Faisal has invested heavily in Egypt, mostly in Cairo real estate, and is a frequent visitor there. The Egyptian press has regarded Faisal with approval both before and since March 23.

UNLIKE SAUD, Faisal has not given up the old dynastic hostility to the kings of Iraq and Jordan. It is reported that the Saudi troops in Jordan have already been withdrawn by Faisal. They were there as a sort of insurance for Hussein; and Saud's $14 million to support Hussein last year is reportedly not to be repeated. Faisal is also abidingly bitter about the treatment of Arabs in Palestine, and critical of the Saudi failure after Israel's invasion of Egypt in 1956 to keep Israeli shipping from "violating Arab territorial waters" (i.e., using the Gulf of Aqaba). But since it wasn't done, he has admitted to an Arab diplomat that "to revive the issue would cost us a lot."

For all Faisal's insistence that he is not anti-American—he is in fact a frequent visitor to the United States and sends his sons (he has eight, and eight daughters) to American schools—he views United States policies and motives with the deepest suspicion. He blames the United States for "all the evils" that beset



the Arab world. "Roosevelt promised my father that the Arabs would always be consulted before deciding the future of Palestine," he told a correspondent recently. "Truman broke the promise. And Dulles perpetuated the insane pro-Israel policy not so much by helping Israel directly, for fear of Arab reactions, but by splitting the Arab world sharply. This is exactly what Israel always wanted . . . the pacts which Dulles helped create—the Baghdad Pact, the Eisenhower Doctrine—were all intended to divide us and to allow the foreigners—imperialists and Zionists—to rule. And look at the pitiful scene of Arab politics today. . . . We never realized that what Dulles did was actually to adopt a policy which, because of its shrewdness, harmed us more than the open and direct policy of Truman."

On the basis of such sentiments, one might well expect a drastic shift in Saudi policies away from co-operation with the United States and toward association with Nasser, even to the point of federation with his United Arab States. But Faisal is a prudent and careful man, and any such tendency would be disciplined by his overriding concern to maintain the Saudi dynasty securely in power.

To do that, Faisal must balance three major factors: the tribes as the continuing basis of power, the growing power of Arab nationalism, and the American-run oil industry.

The Tribal Basis of Power

Despite the development of a small professional armed force with modern equipment, the main military basis of Saudi rule is still the male citizenry of the interior towns and tribes. To secure their support, Ibn Saud long ago began paying them subsidies, which come to about $55 million in the current budget. But with the treasury perpetually empty as a result of wholesale extravagance and corruption (the value of the riyal has slipped from the official 3.7 to the dollar to as low as 6.5 on the free market), the $55-million figure would seem to represent wishful thinking. There have already been mutterings in the back sands.

Really effective control over income and expenditure could soon bring solvency to the treasury. Such control, however, must sooner or later interfere with the geometric increase of allowances for the royal family, not to mention the astronomical outlays of Saud himself for bribes, gifts, charity, support of the Algerian rebels, and upkeep of the vast royal household. Furthermore, since each of the leading princes controls a certain number of the tribal sheiks and their armed followers, government austerity might well expose the régime to the threat of civil strife. The ultimatum to Saud has already set a dangerous precedent. Financial reform, therefore, while necessary, must be introduced cautiously.

Fortunately for Faisal, a number of scapegoats are available. Saud's cabal of advisers imported from other Arab countries—whom Cairo holds responsible for Saud's anti-Nasser policies—have also been blamed (and probably with reason) as the major source of financial chaos and corruption in the kingdom. According to reports, there have already been dismissals, and by offering unpopular victims Faisal may gain a certain leeway in working out more fundamental reforms.

THRUST into the twentieth century and suddenly powerful and wealthy from oil, the Saudis have begun to yearn not only for the tools and techniques of modern civilization but also for some of its political instruments: first of all, nationalism. The result is an emerging group in Saudi Arabia who have begun to look at their surroundings with critical eyes, and whose basic desire is to reform and refashion their society on the pattern of the West.

For the most part young, sincere,

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and (comparatively speaking) educated, the nationalists in Saudi Arabia are the "creative minority," the new elite, the 'future leaders, the proto-middle class. So far they are very few—ninety-five per cent of the Saudis are illiterate. Their aims are those of most Arab nationalists: rapid economic development, a higher standard of living, mass education, a national health program, and honest government. But unlike Arab extremists in neighboring countries—possibly because there has been no record of "colonial oppression" in Saudi Arabia—they are by comparison moderate and practical. "You see these beads?" asked one of my acquaintances in Jidda, dangling a string of prayer beads. "This is Saudi society. The only thing that holds them together is the string: the king. In a feudal society, the king is necessary. We need to strengthen the string, not get rid of it. When all the beads are fused together, then will be the time to think about the future of the king."

THANKS TO THE modern press and radio and the multiplication of educational opportunity (most of the teachers are Egyptian), the number and influence of nationalists in Saudi Arabia are increasing. Sooner or later, by evolutionary means or by violence, they will surely acquire controlling power. Already, precisely because their education and skills are badly needed, they have attained important positions in government and business and have begun to lead and articulate public opinion.

For the House of Saud, the lesson must be that if royalty is to be maintained, it must as far as possible be in co-operation with or at least not in competition with the upsurge of Arab nationalism. "Sheiks and kings cannot be nationalists, by definition!" said one young zealot. But Faisal goes a long way in sympathizing with them, and that may be sufficient for the present.

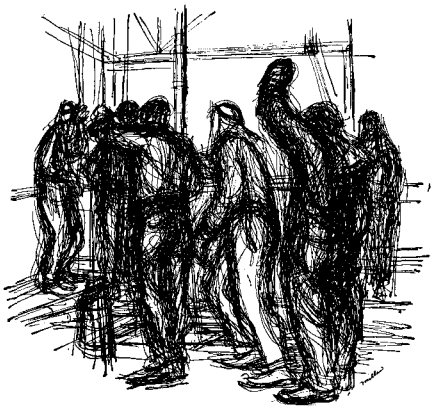
Meanwhile Faisal has a powerful rival in the person of President Nasser. Popular enthusiasm during Nasser's 1956 visit to Saudi Arabia, fanned by Cairo's incessant Voice of the Arabs, was so overwhelming as to be embarrassing to his host. Moreover, royal corruption and extravagance, the neglect of education, the stand against the organization of labor, and the suspect association with the United States—all these make the House of Saud supremely vulnerable to nationalist propaganda attacks. Finally, the régime is utterly dependent on the export of oil. Faisal can never forget that Nasser controls the Suez Canal and the Trans-Arabian pipeline (which crosses the United Arab Republic in Syria), through which the bulk of Saudi oil goes to market.

A Lesson from Iran

The income from oil, constituting eighty-five per cent of the government's receipts, amounts to nearly $900,000 a day. In a pinch Aramco can get along without Saudi oil; but the Saudi government cannot survive without income.

Mossadegh's experience of 1951-1954, when the Iranians were unable to sell any oil for three years, illustrates the point graphically. For Faisal, therefore, at least in the immediate future, there are definite limits on what can be done to force Aramco and its parent companies to revise their policies or pay higher taxes. The West, where the great bulk of Saudi oil is sold (and where emergency funds can be borrowed), cannot be pushed too far.

Whatever Faisal's personal inclinations may be, he must somehow



steer a course that antagonizes neither Nasser nor the West. His difficulties are further complicated by increasing friction in Saudi Arabia between the American oil companies and Arab nationalism. Unlike Faisal, the nationalists are not primarily concerned with keeping the régime in power or even, in the short run at least, about maintaining the flow of income. Their prior concern is rather to assert as a matter of duty and right a measure of Arab control over the oil industry, and hence over the only likely source for the huge capital outlay that would be necessary to finance the developments that are the essence of the nationalist dream.

The central figure in this situation is Sheik Abdullah Tariki, a young man with an M.A. from the University of Texas who is Director of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs. The incorruptible and outspoken Tariki is a completely dedicated Arab nationalist. He and his colleagues represent the beginnings of a professional civil service in Saudi Arabia. They also are the spearhead of nationalist pressure against the oil companies.

Far from wanting to cut down the role of Aramco, as one might expect, Tariki wants what he calls "full integration." He wants to set up a super Aramco divorced from the control of its parent companies, not only to explore, drill, produce, refine, and market oil and oil products within Saudi Arabia (as Aramco now does) but also to transport them abroad and to sell them in markets overseas (a function now performed by the U.S. parent companies). This whole program would be carried out in "full fifty-fifty partnership" with the Saudi government.

These were substantially the terms Tariki succeeded in putting through last fall with the Japan Trading Company, Ltd. There is no sign to date that he will have a similar success with Aramco.

'We Could Cut Prices Plenty'

So far, the Saudi government has backed Tariki in his stand against the oil companies not only on integration but on other unresolved disputes as well—disputes which also seem to boil down to the issue of control. Can one expect a change under Faisal? Some hints about the answer to that question may lie in the fact that Faisal was largely responsible for creating the Office of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs in 1953, and that it was Faisal who appointed and has since supported its director: Sheik Abdullah Tariki.

The oil companies have pointed

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out that a super Aramco would have to go out and compete for new customers. "We could cut prices plenty," says Tariki in reply, which is true, but so could competing producers in Kuwait, Iraq, Iran, and elsewhere. Moreover, to build up transport and marketing facilities would require enormous capital outlays, which the Aramco parent companies could scarcely be expected to provide. In short, integration could be forced on the parent companies—there has always been the power to nationalize Aramco—but it would mean a dramatic drop in oil income for the Saudi government. Maintaining income of course is not Tariki's major purpose. But though he has represented integration as a way of tripling Aramco profits and hence the Saudi government's fifty-fifty share, Faisal will think twice before throwing away the $900,000 a day he has for a very doubtful $3 million a day he might get.

As for the oil companies, they feel that to give way on the issue of overseas integration and the implicit assertion of Saudi control would be suicidal. Thus threatened, they are naturally ready to resist stubbornly; and in resisting, the companies are well aware of the crucial importance of continuing oil revenues to Faisal's régime.

THIS FEELING of strength, which survived the Saudi-Japanese agreement of last fall, derives mainly from the assumption that there is no alternative for the Saudis, no alternative source of technical skill, equipment, and financial resources to run the oil industry, and no alternative markets.

And of course there are always the Communists, who have racked up some striking successes in utilizing trade and economic aid, "without strings," as an arm of foreign policy. In its effort to embarrass the West, the Soviet bloc might find it expedient to promise the Saudi Arabians capital, technicians, and markets.

When it comes to evaluating the relationship between Soviet promises and Soviet performance, Faisal and Tariki might find it helpful to consider the recent experiences of their neighbor, Gamal Abdel Nasser, president of the United Arab Republic.

Can Nasser Ransom Himself from the Russians?

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO

THE ODD THING about Cairo, with President Nasser arousing so much commotion elsewhere, is that the atmosphere here should be so flat. The triumphal arches are here, the slogans in neon, the oversized wall posters, the loudspeakers, the mass demonstrations—everything that

money and a good security police force can provide. But the political fever of former years is gone.

The excitement that used to run all through the capital, in the Musky, the shops, and cafés, is gone. Movie audiences sit in silence through Nasser's newsreel speeches. Political talk, what there is of it, is desultory and stale. Almost no one supports the régime without some reservation or complaint.

No one even thinks of overthrowing it any more. Those days too, when Cairo's better drawing rooms buzzed with conspiracy and General Naguib's familiar pipe was drawn in chalk on the city's walls, have passed.

This is an unlikely domestic background for the man who is being acclaimed by millions of Arabs abroad as a new Saladin. The Egyptians are not inclined to go so far. For the Egyptians, the high point of Nasser's leadership was reached not at Damascus in February, 1958, when he arrived there as president of the newly formed United Arab Republic, but at Port Said in November, 1956, when he turned a staggering military defeat at the hands of the Israelis into a stunning diplomatic victory over Britain and France. At that time, world opinion largely supported Egypt. The future glowed with promise. But now the Egyptians have become dissatisfied with practically everybody and everything—the government, the revolution, the Americans, the Russians, even the Syrians and Yemenis who, by thrusting themselves upon Egypt, as the Egyptians see it, have merely added two other countries' troubles to Egypt's own.

The new United Arab Republic can redeem itself in the Egyptians' eyes only if its boundaries embrace all the oil deposits of all the Arab lands. The Saudi Arabian monarchy has recently shown an inclination to go along with Egypt; but this is something different from sharing its wealth with it. Syria, the only Arab country that Egypt has directly acquired, cannot be counted on as a customer for Egypt's cotton, as a source of foreign currency, or as an aid in financing the Five-Year Plan. Nor is Syria likely to deliver Egypt from the oppressive friendship of the Soviet Union.

ON THE SURFACE, life in the capital seems normal. There are no noticeable food shortages, prices are not abnormally high, the shopwindows are not empty. While western European goods have all but disappeared, they have been replaced partly by cheap goods from eastern Europe and partly by others that are homemade. Where the Egyptians used to produce sixty per cent of the manufactured products they consumed, they now produce seventy per cent, including such items as dishes, toys, tooth paste, girdles, and lipsticks. There are few luxury goods, but there is enough in the stores to supply the population's daily needs.

The people who make and sell these things are satisfied. The same cannot be said, however, for those who have to buy them, or for the many other Egyptians who have suf-

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fered from the exodus of the foreign population: businessmen who have "Egyptianized" some ninety-odd sequestered French and British firms, only to find their source of supply cut off; retailers who have lost their higher-priced wares; landlords who have lost their most profitable tenants; servants who have lost their jobs; tourist agents, hotelkeepers, dragomans, guides, whose clientele nowadays consists largely of Asians and Africans with not too many piastres to spare.

'String Enough to Hang Us'

While this kind of situation may make for nagging worries, it isn't intolerable. What is intolerable, at least for the Egyptians with some understanding of economics, is the fact that during the past year three-fifths of Egypt's imports came from the West, while three-fifths of its exports went to the Soviet bloc. Egypt has drawn so heavily on its foreign currency reserves to pay for the western imports that by midwinter the country was left with only $185 million in gold to cover its own currency and $8 million more for everything else. The drain would have been still greater if Egypt had not cut down mercilessly on the purchase of indispensable equipment. Imports of iron, steel, automobiles, and spare parts were cut by a half, weaving machines by three-quarters, electrical apparatus, machinery parts, and petroleum by two-thirds.

On the other hand, Egypt has received very little industrial equipment from the Russians. About $85 million worth of the cotton sold to the Iron Curtain countries in 1957 went to pay—and only in part—for the arms Egypt received two or three years ago. For the rest of the cotton, Egypt has been paid largely in bulk commodities like wheat and petroleum, which have made up eighty per cent of the Russian shipments. This wouldn't be so bad if the Russians had left the country free to earn hard currency elsewhere. They have prevented this, however, by using the Egyptian pounds in their clearing accounts—representing payments for arms, wheat, and petroleum—to buy Egypt's cotton at artificially high prices, thereby freezing out the western market. They have then resold the cotton in western Europe at normal prices, for hard currency that they have pocketed themselves; and, as repayment for the cotton, they have forced Egypt to accept millions of dollars' worth of second-rate or defective goods—also at artificially high prices. "They said there would be no strings attached," says one of Cairo's biggest bankers, "but this is string enough to hang us"

It may be possible for Egypt to continue this way for some time without actually going bankrupt. But under these conditions, Egypt cannot possibly get on with Nasser's long-interrupted revolution. Though he has talked of industrializing the country since the *coup d'état* nearly six years ago, he has not yet made much progress. Where industry contributed ten per cent to the national income before he took over, it now contributes eleven per cent. In the Five-Year Plan that has just been drawn up, it is supposed to go up to nineteen per cent. But this would require an investment of more than $600 million in five years, of which two-thirds would have to be foreign capital.

The Russians did agree last fall to lend Nasser $175 million for his Five-Year Plan, at 2.5 per cent interest, to be repaid in twelve years. This is the biggest loan they have offered any nation outside the Iron Curtain. But it is in rubles. Nasser cannot buy the necessary machinery from the West with rubles; and judging from his current experience, the rubles won't get him much of it from Russia either.

"The Russians can only sell us surplus capital goods in certain lines," says the same banker, "and a lot of what they *can* sell us we don't particularly want. At best, they might give us half of what we need, mostly to develop our mining, and we only put the figure that high because nobody else is willing to help us. The Five-Year Plan is a serious affair because we absolutely must have it. But it is not really serious, because we haven't a prayer of finding the equipment and the money."

'Give the Fellaheen a Galabia'

If the Russians have been a dubious boon to Egypt's industry and an actual impediment to its trade, they have failed Nasser even more miserably by their utter indifference to the problem that transcends every other in the country: the fellaheen.

Two summers ago, when the western powers first began to speak of an economic boycott after the Suez Canal was nationalized, Nasser said, in effect, that he couldn't care less. The people who counted in the new Egypt, he told correspondents, were not the rich pashas who wanted Cadillacs, French perfume, and Scotch whisky, but the fellaheen, who wanted nothing but freedom from foreign enslavement. "Give the fellaheen a loaf of bread and a galabia to wear," one of his aides declared then, "and their hatred of imperialism will sustain them." The implication was that the fellaheen could not get any poorer than they already were, whatever happened. But they *are* getting poorer.

The loss of western trade and friendships may not have deprived them of anything they could have afforded to buy in the first place. It has, however, denied them the one chance they might have had—however remote—to escape starva-

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tion. Egypt has twenty-four million inhabitants huddled together on fourteen thousand square miles of usable land. More than a thousand of them are born every day, and the land produces no more now than it did ten years ago. Consequently the fellaheen have less bread this year than last, and next year will have still less. Their only hope lies in reclaiming more land from Egypt's seventy thousand square miles of desert. Unless money for this is forthcoming, the fellaheen will soon be reaching a point—if they have not already reached it—where no amount of hatred for imperialism will be sufficiently nourishing to sustain them.

Most of the régime's efforts in this direction have come to little or nothing. It has managed to bring many auxiliary comforts to the rural population: more schools, more hospitals, co-operatives, running water in a number of villages—a project that Egyptians would doubtless be astonished to discover was financed by Point Four. But the breakup of the pashas' big estates has brought no more than an acre and a half apiece to some 200,000 families—1,200,000 people, five per cent of the population. Liberation Province, which was to have reclaimed six hundred thousand acres, has turned out to be an extravagant flop. Its director is in jail for grand larceny, and there isn't even any provision for its continuance in this year's budget. As for the Aswan High Dam, which was to have reclaimed a million acres, it has now been turned down in succession by the Americans, the British, the Germans, the Swiss, the Japanese, and the Russians—the last being the only ones who were candid enough to tell Nasser it was not even worth discussing.

When Eugene R. Black, president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, was here recently, he made it quite clear that the loan the bank may be contemplating—if and when—has to do strictly with the Suez Canal.

IN AN EFFORT to present the United Arab Republic as appealingly as possible, Nasser talks of resettling half a million or even a million fellaheen in the fertile, half-empty plains of what is now Egypt's Syrian province. But Syria is a thousand miles from the Nile Valley, with a no man's land in between; it is bitterly cold in winter; and it has no mighty river whose life-giving silt yields three crops a year.

Nasser has talked of other blessings that must flow from union

with Syria—in expanded industry, investment, and trade. But there can be none for quite some time. Having caught his first glimpse of the two countries' widely differing institutions—currency, customs, banking, export-import controls, trade agreements, traditional markets—the new president of the U.A.R. has put off all steps toward economic integration for at least the next five years. Meanwhile, the blessings will be limited to a unified foreign policy and military command, about which Egyptians care little. "We had a joint command with Syria when Israel invaded the Sinai," says a prominent Cairo editor, "and where did that get us?"

Not that the Egyptians have become indifferent to the cause of Arab nationalism as such. They seem, rather, to feel that it has somehow led them along a difficult and unrewarding path. "Nasser has always done what he thought was right and best for the Arabs," says the same editor, who has always been a loyal supporter of the régime, "and yet here we are, running into a stone wall that we've built with our own hands."

One might assume from all this that Nasser would be anxious to disengage from the Russians and resume friendly relations with the West. From the economic point of view, he appears to be. Though his press habitually refers to Americans as wolves, jackals, and other assorted wild beasts, he has approached the American embassy privately on several occasions for wheat, for resumption of normal trade, for the $30 million of Egyptian funds still frozen in U.S. banks. When he sent his economic mission to Moscow last fall, he even asked for advice on how to negotiate with the Russians. He has shown marked eagerness for settlement of French and British claims to sequestered property here—particularly British, since Britain still holds nearly a quarter of a billion dollars belonging to Egypt in two blocked sterling accounts. He has displayed restraint in negotiations with the old Suez Canal Company for shareholder compensation. More recently, he has even offered western buyers a twenty-three per cent discount on the Egyptian pound—whose black-market rate is $1.80 against the official rate of $2.87—so as to break the Russians' corner on his cotton.

But the West has been slow to respond. Several European countries have resumed trade with Egypt, most notably the commercially ambitious Germans and the Italians. The French, however, have agreed so far to buy only a token $5 million worth of Egyptian cotton. The British have been dragging their feet in negotiations. And the Americans have been cool and in no sense encouraging.

Egypt at the Precipice

The duality of Nasser's attitude toward Russia, always apparent, has never been so pronounced. Those who want to can make a good case for a Nasser chastened by experience, who is now trying to pull his country back from the precipice and has just rescued Syria from total satellization in the nick of time. Yet there are several indications, some subtle, some not so subtle, that point the other way. There is the continuing Communist influence on the Egyptian press, with its relentless barrage of propaganda against the West. There is the recent promotion of Ahmed Fuad, translator of Marx into Arabic, from a place on the board of directors to the director-generalship of the powerful Bank Misr. There is the still more recent appointment of Ahmed Fahim, a Communist with very little following, to the secretary-generalship of

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the state-controlled Egyptian Federation of Labor. There is the continuing purchase of exceedingly expensive Soviet arms, submarines, and jets, at a time when Egypt is supposedly trying to get out of Russia's debt. And now there is Nasser going to Moscow, with the reported intention of going on from there to Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest.

Nasser wants the independence of the Arab world—under his rule, of course. But how can Nasser ever achieve his goal once he has accepted the Kremlin's assistance? The Russians have already proved themselves invaluable to Nasser in his anti-Israeli and anti-western campaign. In Africa, too, the Kremlin's and Nasser's objectives are much the same: to get the West out with maximum speed and with a maximum strain on the western alliance. Nasser's interest in Africa is not confined to Algeria. It extends far below the Sahara to practically every country still under colonial rule, as it does to independent nations like Ethiopia and the Sudan. Most of these countries are now getting larger doses of Egyptian indoctrination, through Egyptian teachers, technicians, Moslem culture centers—which are doing far more proselytizing these days than Catholic and Protestant missionaries—and the Voice of Free Africa, a new and poisonously extremist radio station sponsored by the Permanent Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Council in Cairo.

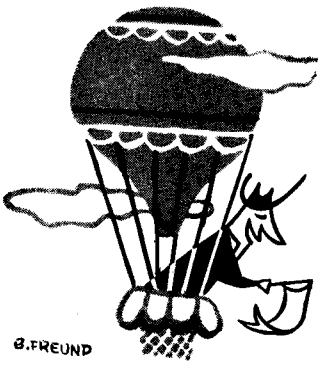
While Nasser may have pressing reasons to fear the Russians inside Egypt, he has just as pressing reasons to work closely with them elsewhere. This is especially true in the Middle East. While the Egyptians might be too preoccupied with their own troubles to care much about the U.A.R., millions of other Arabs are stirred by this dramatic step—real or spurious—toward the unity they always dream of. With the momentum he has gained, Nasser stands closer than he ever did to supreme power over the Middle East's people, land, and oil. But can that power really be his? Can he ever ransom himself from the Russians? Should this ever happen, the cash will have to be found not in his pocket but in somebody else's.

At Home & Abroad

What Keeps Prices Up?

JOHN L. HESS

Word flew around the financial markets of the world late last fall that a meeting had been called in London to do something about the copper slump. Copper shares rallied. Smelters cautiously raised prices. U.S. antitrust laws being what they are, the American Big Three—Anaconda, Kennecott, and Phelps Dodge—did not attend. But the first two were represented anyway by the Copper Department of Chile, where they are the major



producers. The meeting was behind closed doors, but the decision could hardly be kept secret, nor did the participants want it to be. World copper production was to be cut back roughly ten per cent.

In the Belgian Congo and Rhodesia, in Michigan and Montana, output slowed and some mines were closed entirely. There was a brief delay in Chile; Kennecott finally persuaded the negotiators, it was reported, that a cut in its higher-cost mines in the United States would be just as effective as one in its Chilean holdings. Layoffs rose in Arizona and Utah. In New York, the Cerro de Pasco Corporation announced it was reducing its production of copper in Peru by eleven per cent. Its president said the industry had "demonstrated statesmanship of a high order," and Cerro de Pasco wanted "to be recorded in support of this constructive approach."

In view of the fact that the world supply of copper far exceeded demand, one can understand why a producer should welcome an orderly, across-the-board cutback. But statesmanship, it seems, never calls for cutting prices. Two years ago, when copper was at an all-time high and important consumers were switching to aluminum, there were no recorded meetings of industrial statesmen to consider the problem.

The copper affair is cited here for what light it may cast on a phenomenon that, according to the New York *Times*, has been mystifying economists in Washington. "Experts Puzzled by Prices' Ascent," read a headline as far back as last November 4. "They Believe Slack Demand Should Be Causing Cuts."

The economists are still baffled. The administration, the Federal Reserve Board, and leaders of Congress have been nearly paralyzed by indecision ever since manufacturing began to taper off at the start of 1957. Should they act to combat a recession, or should they apply the brakes lest inflation run away with them? Indeed, with the business statistics distorted by the rise in prices, many were unable to see the recession at all. As late as last August, the Federal Reserve System was still raising interest rates and constricting the money supply (over the opposition of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York) under the misapprehension that a boom was still on, chiefly because prices were high.

Economists agree that whatever

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measures are taken to restrain a boom or combat a recession, timing is of the essence. Applied too late, the brakes will not hold, the engine will not respond to the accelerator. But, unable to decide whether inflation or deflation lay ahead, leaders of both parties were still reluctant early this spring, when the recession was already a year old, to plump for a tax cut or any other drastic move.

The indecision was the more agonizing because, while nobody will come right out and say he *likes* inflation, a decline in prices has come to be regarded with horror by all concerned.

It is still being taught in our schools that when the supply of goods is greater than the demand, prices fall to the point where they entice buyers. It's a nice theory. But in practice, whatever became of the free market? Or of the traditional American view that mass production and low prices are the path to prosperity, while cartels and other such foreign devices to shelter business against the buffeting of competition bring stagnation and poverty?

Industry after industry has abandoned the free-market concept. The prevailing doctrine now is: if sales, and hence profits, go down, raise prices. In February, the Civil Aeronautics Board granted the airlines a fare increase, with the explanation that profits and *traffic* had declined. It also suggested that there had been "excessive scheduling" of flights. In other words, the service was too good, or there was too much competition. Thus, in a mere twenty years, the airlines have come around to the defeatist outlook that it took the railroad industry more than a century to achieve.

Reverse-Order Drills

It should be noted that the restrictive business philosophy is common both to high-wage industries such as steel, auto manufacturing, and construction, and to low-wage industries such as textiles and retailing. Nor does it take the threat of imminent bankruptcy to cause a free enterpriser to abandon principle and curb production. The oil industry has been doing it for years.

Ostensibly for conservation, the major oil-producing states each month fix the "allowable" output after the refiners have reported how much they want. The theory is that any excess of supply over demand would be wasteful. It would also hurt prices. The Federal government obliges by banning the shipment in interstate commerce of any oil produced in excess of the "allowable." This amiable conspiracy against the consumer has worked almost too well. The price of a barrel of crude oil in Texas has risen from as low as ten cents in the depth of the Depression to $1.25 during the Second World War to more than three dollars now. (The last big rise came during the Suez crisis, and did perhaps as much to hurt American prestige in Europe as the Marshall Plan did to help it.)

BUT THE fabulous profits to be made have inspired a world-wide oil rush. On land and under sea, drilling rigs have made rich strike after strike. Geophysics has greatly reduced the risk of dry wells. And the increasing flow of new, unregulated oil has threatened to swamp

the carefully built price structure. Whereupon the rugged individualists of Texas have appealed to Washington, and not in vain, for protection against the operation of the free market.

The White House announced last year a program of "voluntary" quotas, limiting oil companies to the amounts they had imported in the past. This was accepted by the giants of the industry; it froze them into their dominant position. But relative newcomers to oil importing, with costly new refineries at coastal ports, defied the quotas, and it began to seem as though the free market might break through the dike. Last winter, with demand declining and imports rising, refiners began to trim the prices they pay to domestic producers, though not to the level prevailing before the Suez windfall.

At this point, a powerful force stepped into the breach. The *Wall Street Journal* reported on February 13:

"The oil industry should make further cuts in processing crude oil to correct the imbalance between supply and demand, M. J. Rathbone, president of Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), said.

" 'What we need right now,' Mr. Rathbone stated, 'is less refinery runs and consequently less product and the ability to work off burdensome stocks.'

"Mr. Rathbone asserted that a general cut in the price of crude oil would not accomplish anything at this time. 'I do not myself see why it should not aggravate the situation rather than alleviate it,' he said."

The Chase Manhattan Bank, in its monthly petroleum review, admonished the industry: "Clearly the time is now at hand for a drastic cutback." Price cuts would not increase demand, it asserted. (The coal industry apparently disagrees; it favors tight curbs on oil imports to keep oil prices up, lest power companies switch from coal.)

In admirable unison, oil companies cut their runs. Texas ordered the sharpest reduction in "allowables" ever, about one-fifth, and Oklahoma and Louisiana went along. As demand still lagged, inventories remained burdensome, but earlier price cuts on gasoline were rescinded. By March, Gulf Oil could announce with satisfaction that there was "no need or justification" for a reduction in petroleum prices.

'Maturity' Comes to the Mills

A valiant effort to tame the free market even without government help may be observed in the textile industry. Except in wartime, this has been known as a depressed business for many years. Its wages have been close to the legal minimum, but cotton mills traditionally worked six days a week, so that employees have been able to eke out a living with overtime. Now all that has changed. On April 5 of last year the *Times* reported:

" 'Realistic' cutbacks in produc-

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tion are being planned by textile executives in an all-out effort to restore the laggard industry to a healthy condition.

"The consensus among leaders at the convention of the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute is that the industry's salvation depends on the willingness of individual companies to forego immediate gains to bring about long-term wellbeing to the industry.

"As one executive put it, 'The textile industry finally seems to be reaching maturity. Steel and automotive companies have long realized that cutbacks are necessary, and our industry is no exception.'

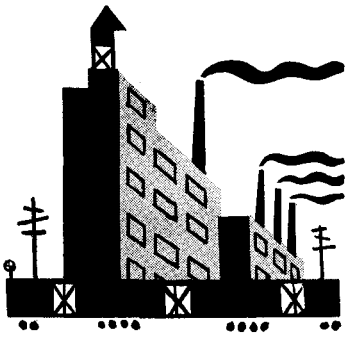
"Textile men of long experience say this convention is characterized by a greater desire for industry co-operation than has existed in a long time. Traditionally, the industry has suffered because leading elements in it have insisted on pursuing a course of 'rugged individualism,' which has often piled up disastrous results."

The results of this new spirit of restraint and co-operation were gratifying, for a time. The industry generally abandoned the six-day week for five and even four days. Within two months, textile prices had strengthened, although demand was still slow. The textile industry appeared to be taking its place among the mature industries.

Unfortunately, the developing recession canceled out much of the gain, and in the fall it was necessary for M. Lowenstein & Sons to do for textiles what Jersey Standard was to do for oil. Lowenstein called on the industry to shut down for extended holidays at Thanksgiving and Christmas time and, not relying on the spirit of co-operation alone, it explicitly reminded all that Lowenstein was not only a textile producer but also "the largest buyer of print cloths in the industry."

Not only did the holiday shutdown take place, but the curtailment spread to the previously prosperous synthetic-fabric mills. Textron, Inc., made a public pledge not to operate more than five days a week during 1958.

THE SUPERIOR maturity of the steel and auto industries, enviously referred to above, of course reflects their superior concentration of control. As *Fortune* magazine put it a while back, "to every major steel company, price competition means meeting U.S. Steel's prices." Exhortations are not necessary here. Yet the extraordinary discipline of the steel



industry, holding the price line while furnaces are banked for lack of orders, merits further notice. Some steel firms have gone into the red, but not one has broken ranks.

Probably a sense of interdependence makes unnecessary the kind of tactics charged to nine steel companies in a little-noticed suit filed back in 1954. The Sunbury Wire Rope Manufacturing Company complained that during the Korean War it had been warned by U.S. Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube that it would be wrecked if it persisted in underbidding the rest of the industry on government contracts. It did underbid and it was wrecked, Sunbury said. According to the complaint, its customers were told that if they dealt with Sunbury they would get no steel and no orders from the major steel companies. The suit was settled out of court for about two-thirds of a million dollars and the idle plant was sold.

Those Competitive Communists

The philosophy of lower production, higher prices has become almost unanimously accepted.

Last winter, the first closings of cement mills in twenty years were accompanied by another increase in cement prices. More mills shut down in March, and prices rose again.

The aluminum industry suddenly emerged last winter from a generation of shortages into an era of oversupply. It sold, and is selling, vast tonnages to the government under price-support guarantees made as an inducement to expand during and after the Korean War. In response to a slump in civilian demand it cut production, but it held the price line until April 1, when Aluminium, Ltd., of Canada effected the first price cut for aluminum since 1941. This forced the American industry to follow suit, and an American executive complained, as reported by the *Times*:

"This is a good example of the havoc Russia can wreak in world markets. Although the Russians have been offering aluminum at the annual rate of only about 50,000 tons in Britain, their prices of one to two cents below the Aluminium quotation apparently forced the Canadian concern to trim prices—and so we also have to cut in the much bigger United States market."

It is a curious development that Communist Russia should inject an element of price competition into a western capitalist industry that has never experienced it.

Semantics and Second Thoughts

It is vain, probably, to quarrel with the morality of the prevailing business philosophy—or perhaps we should say reflex—on prices. It is, after all, the function of management to turn in a profit to shareholders, if possible. And when business generally is raising prices, no one company or industry can halt the tide; indeed, those sectors where the free market persists to some degree are in peril of being trampled.

Retailing offers a plethora of examples. In recent years, while the auto makers have been raising their prices, dealers have been forced by sales quotas and competition to cut their margins. The dealer mortality rate has been staggering. Back in depression times, organized retailers obtained passage of price-fixing legislation blandly called "fair trade" laws. (The semantics are intriguing. Nowadays "competition" is often preceded by the word "cutthroat," and "black market" and "free market" have become interchangeable.) Under "fair trade," dealers arrange with manufacturers to fix minimum retail prices on their goods, allowing a generous markup for all. Those who cut prices are hailed into court as lawbreakers.

In recent years, however, a weakness has developed: some judges did

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not care for the enforcement role, and the profit margins were so ample that a whole bootleg industry grew up to exploit it. "Fair trade" goods somehow seeped into "unfair" channels—notably discount houses. This February, mighty General Electric, its warehouses filled with appliances, abandoned "fair trade." Other appliance makers hastily followed. Prices went down as much as forty per cent in department and chain stores, which, if they did not make a profit on the items, were glad to bring shoppers in. Many small dealers, including many of the discounters who had started it all, helplessly quit the field.

Little noticed in the scramble was the fact that the manufacturers had not cut factory prices at all—in fact, some manufacturers actually raised them—and they unloaded a lot of appliances.

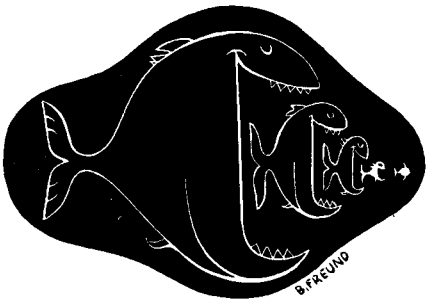
THE TENDENCY of business to seek shelter against the harshness of competition assumes the force of a natural law. Adam Smith recorded it nearly two centuries ago:

"People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices."

Hence, the administration's appeals to business and labor to exercise restraint have only caused raised eyebrows. For while businessmen and employees as individuals or in groups can do little about inflation, the government can do, and is doing, a great deal. But most of its efforts have been in the direction of raising prices.

It spends billions to maintain farm prices and reduce farm production; it maintains tariffs that protect the high prices of a limited sector of U.S. business while depriving other U.S. producers of markets abroad; it buys minerals and stows them away to support the price level. In procurement, it prefers high U.S. bidders to low foreign bidders. Much of its enormous spending, accounting for nearly one-fifth of the nation's consumption of goods and services, is done on a cost-plus-fixed-fee or on a negotiated-contract basis. These methods of contracting reduce producers' cost consciousness and this tends to result in higher prices.

Private home builders, operating in a field of apparently unlimited demand and with the government insuring them against loss, priced themselves out of the market long ago. As the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia has observed, this went unnoticed for years because the debt



was stretched out. On a thirty-year mortgage, the monthly payment seemed extravagant but not impossible, especially if the inflation and boom were going on forever, as some economists, many politicians, and all salesmen believed.

But "easy terms" reached their limit. It was conceivable that buyers could be found to sign forty-year mortgages and four-year auto loans, but with prices and interest rates up, the monthly payments suddenly became impossible. Housing and cars slumped, gradually dragging the rest of the economy with them.

THE GOVERNMENT'S response has been not to try to reduce the cost of housing—perish the thought—but to subsidize the mortgage lenders, raise their interest rates, and seek to overcome their sense of caution. Official standards of how much house a man with a given income can afford have always been optimistic. Now the government offers to insure mortgages at which bankers blanch.

State and Federal policy on utility and transportation rates also tends to raise prices during a recession. The principle is that where rates are regulated they should guarantee a "fair return" on capital. No more, no less. In time of recession, when passenger and freight traffic and power consumption decline, the regulatory agencies are more or less automatically required to raise the rates. That this discourages business is beside the point.

During the postwar era of undreamed-of prosperity, the illusion has grown that a depression is impossible "because the government would not allow it." Furthermore, the layman has often been told by the expert that the government now plays the role of a semi-automatic "stabilizer" in the economy.

Actually, the government has played a highly contradictory role but, on balance, probably a *de*-stabilizing one. It threw its money and its credit behind the postwar boom and, rather than use the occasion to reduce debt, it encouraged states and cities, business and public to emulate it in deficit spending. The burden of supporting the government has been gradually shifted away from favored businesses (through fast write-offs, inventory gimmicks, and other loopholes) and toward the consumer (through sales and excise taxes, for example). The government has subsidized what has proved to be an overexpansion of industrial capacity.

To list the ways in which the government promotes inflation is to suggest some possible countermeasures: abandonment of farm price supports as such (direct relief or subsidy would seem preferable); vigorous enforcement of the antitrust laws; a liberal, low-tariff trade policy; an overhaul of the philosophy of utility rate regulation; repeal of sales taxes.

One may doubt that exhorting businessmen further will serve any purpose. Apart from the fact that they are not, as individuals, able to shape the course of events, they have never been enthusiasts for the open warfare of the free market. In the words of the grim G.I. battlefield jest, "A feller could get hurt out there."

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The Belgians Try Fraternalism in the Congo

J. H. HUIZINGA

"THE BELGIANS are crazy and will lose everything." Such was the view expressed to me by a highly placed politician from French Black Africa. At first sight there seems a lot to be said for it. For the Belgians do indeed appear to be very much out of step with the rest of the colonial world. It was brought home to me when I took a drive around booming Léopoldville and asked my driver which of all the huge new buildings housed the institution whose counterparts form the pride and joy of French and British Africa: the territorial parliament. "None of them," was his answer. It seemed that the Belgians, who are at present building a vast new palace for the governor general, do not feel that the Congolese Parliament merits a building of its own; its members, so I learned, meet in the gymnasium of one of the new secondary schools.

This throws a revealing light on the difference between the rapid constitutional development of French or British Africa on the one hand and the apparent immobility of Belgian Africa on the other. While the British and French are evacuating one Government House after another, the Belgians are installing themselves in a bigger and better one. While in the years that have elapsed since the end of the Second World War the British and the French have gone practically all the way from old-fashioned colonial government to native self-government, the Belgians waited until last December before taking the first small, timid step on this road.

IT IS ALL the stranger that their colony should have fallen so far behind politically, because it has certainly not lagged behind economically. On the contrary, it has undergone a more intensive industrial and social revolution than most of the French or British territories to the north and the west. Twenty-three per cent of the population, which used to live entirely on the land, has now moved to urban areas; thirty-eight per cent of all adult males have become wage earners; a self-employed middle class has arisen, as well as a skilled working class; and so thoroughly has life been modernized that the wage earner enjoys all the amenities of the modern welfare state: a minimum wage, family allowances, pensions, paid holidays, etc.

Along with this revolutionary economic development, there has also been striking educational progress. Today forty-two per cent of the Congolese are literate; there are primary-school facilities for forty-four per cent of the children of school age, compared with only twenty-four per cent on the other side of the Congo River; and, finally, there are proportionately three times more secondary school facilities than in French Equatorial Africa, which, lacking the Congo's great mineral resources, is very much poorer.

'Consultables' Go to the Polls

However incongruous the contrast between the Congo's political stagnation and its economic, social, and educational development, its Belgian rulers do not seem to feel the time has come to catch up with British or French Africa. A revealing illustration of how cautiously and slowly they like to proceed was given in 1952, when, under pressure of the U.N., "elections" of village councils were organized in the mandated territory of Ruanda-Urundi. In order to participate in the elections, voters needed first to be *nominated* as such by the village chief, a procedure that was justified by the then minister of colonies on the ground that "in the interest of the democratic system itself all undue haste had to be avoided."

This cautiousness was again apparent when, after ten years' deliberation, the Belgians finally, in December of last year, decided to proceed with the election of municipal councils in the three cities of Léopoldville, Elisabethville, and Jadotville. This time the right to vote was enjoyed by all male adults, but the voters' choice had to be confirmed by the authorities before it became effective. Although the authorities made little use of this power, they underlined their firm determination not to be guilty of "undue haste" by calling the operation a "consultation" instead of an election and the voters "consultables" instead of electors. Moreover, even this semi-electoral principle was confined to the lowest level of local government: only the representatives of the wards or boroughs into which a city like Léopoldville is divided were fully elected; the town councils are still partly nominated, to ensure that at least half their members are white.

The same extreme caution that characterizes Belgian policy in regard to the democratization of local government is also found at the other end of the scale. For nearly half a century there has been a "representative" council which is supposed to assist the governor general in the administration of the colony. But this body, known as the Conseil

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de Gouvernement, still wields as little real power as when it was first set up in 1911. Its function remains purely consultative, its members still owe their seats exclusively to nomination; and though the number of natives on the council has increased since it was reorganized in 1947, they are still heavily outnumbered by the Belgian members.

USUALLY failure to move with the times and adapt a colony's constitutional development to its rapid economic and educational advances has led to explosive tensions between the colonial ruler and his wards—and that is no doubt what my French African friend had in mind when he predicted ultimate disaster in the Congo. Strangely, however, there are few indications of any great tension at present. So far there have been only very few and very slight tremors of nationalism.

It is true that the Belgians owe this enviable and unusual situation partly to the firm hand with which they have always dealt with potential troublemakers, more than thirty-seven thousand of whom have been deprived of their liberty since 1921, mostly by administrative decision, and 5,138 of whom were still held at the beginning of 1956. But these are not nationalists of the type the colonial ruler usually has to contend with. They come from the most backward rather than the most advanced and westernized sections of native society. They are not intellectuals or traders who have become politically conscious but religious fanatics, members of primitive sects like the Kibanguis or the Kitewala, who identify Lucifer with the white man and who can therefore hardly be said to represent a political movement. There is as yet strangely little sign in the Congo, one of the richest and most literate colonies of all, of any political movement comparable with those that have already triumphed or are about to triumph in almost every other colony (excluding the "white man's countries") all the way from Dakar to Singapore.

Empirical Realists Par Excellence

The moral and intellectual climate in which the Congolese were and still are brought up doubtless explains to some extent the late start of Congolese nationalism. It is not at all the same as that of British or French Africa. Even when the British and the French still ruled their colonies—as they did until the end of the Second World War—in much the same paternalistic fashion as the Belgians practice to this day, the spirit in which they did so was very different.

Paternalism was to them not a policy in itself, justifiable on its own merits, but only a means to the end of emancipation. That, at any rate, was what they said. They never stopped insisting that they were giving wards "training for self-government" or, in the case of the French, "assimilating" them so as to be able to raise them to the status of full and equal citizens of the French Republic. Inventors of the "sovereignty of Parliament" and the *"droits de l'homme,"* they could justify their autocratic rule only by constantly stressing the splendid future of self-government and freedom for which they were preparing their wards as quickly as they could.

The Belgians, on the other hand, empirical realists par excellence, felt no such compulsion to talk endlessly about the democratic future which was to justify the autocratic present. They both preached and believed in paternalism as a good thing in itself, the obvious and the only possible form of government for a country like the Congo. Nor were they hampered by leftist parties at home, which have done so much to foster a colonial guilt complex in Britain and France.

A recent utterance of the present governor general of the Congo, Léon Pétillon, illustrates the total absence of inhibitions with which the Belgian colonial ruler professes this creed even today: "In order to live together, both sides must make a contribution. On the one side we, in spite of our superiority, our intelligence, our wealth or our refinement, must show a willingness to love and to understand and to give ourselves. On the other side, in spite of poverty, ignorance or timidity, there must be unremitting effort to progress and to learn without impatience or arrogance."

It sounds pretty patronizing, but apparently few of the African elite dream of taking offense. The uninhibited, sincere, and consistent paternalism of the Belgian ruler seems to have bred a truly filial spirit in his wards. And it is this that explains their remarkable modesty and docility. The prominent Africans I met in the Congo spoke just as good French and seemed just as *"évolué"* as many of their cousins who have now attained ministerial rank in French Black Africa. Yet they breathed a very different spirit. They seemed to feel a sincere, awed respect for and confidence in the autocratic colonial ruler that his French or British counterpart certainly did not enjoy in his day.

HOWEVER slowly the Belgians may have been proceeding with constitutional changes, they have shown wisdom in not delaying too long one very important reform. Today the original strict color bar has practically disappeared in the Congo. Black and white children attend the same schools, their parents can travel in the same class and visit the same cafés, whites no longer have priority

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at post offices or river crossings, etc. And while the Africans are not yet considered sufficiently mature to assist the Belgians in running their house, not to mention taking over the task entirely, they are now treated as adults in the daily business of life.

An Impatience Among the Young

Thus the old paternalism has been replaced by what one could call the new fraternalism. Governor General Pétillon, addressing members of the native elite in 1956, said, "I no longer call you my sons, the time has come to call you brethren." The elder brother retains all power in his own hands and still makes few promises for the future. But he now tries to reconcile the younger brother with his subordinate position by treating him as an equal and forever assuring him of his fraternal love. All the talk is about the necessity of reforming not the power relations between black and white but their human relationships. "If we do not succeed," Belgian Deputy Raymond Scheyven has written, "in improving the human relationships we shall lose the Congo. Most of all it is necessary that we give the Congolese people proofs of our brotherly love." "The most important question," King Baudouin has said, "is that of human relationships." "We shall only succeed in our task," said Governor General Pétillon, "in so far as we practice the most beautiful words ever spoken: 'Love one another.' "

For the older generation of Congolese, the change to the new fraternalism has meant a great advance. That is why for the time being they seem quite content and have only just begun to ask for liberty, in the sense of political rights, as well as equality. Inevitably, however, the new generation that is now growing up under the fraternalist régime —and going to universities—is imbued with the impatience younger brothers often feel toward elder brothers, however tactful, who try to run their affairs. Thus, after more than half a century of unique stability—indeed, immobility—the Congo is at least beginning to stir.

The first indication that the native elite was becoming politically conscious came in 1956 with the publication of two successive manifestoes. The first emanated from a handful of intellectuals (which in Africa usually means products of a secondary-school education) who had set down on paper, with the help of a couple of Catholic missionaries, their ideas about the Congo's future. It is one of the mildest documents in the history of nationalist literature, accepting a term of no less than thirty years for the emancipation of the colony and ending with the loyal words: "Long live the Congo, long live Belgium, long live the King."

When I met its chief author, he turned out to be even milder than the document itself. Moreover, it did not appear that he and his companions had followed up their first move. They had announced their intention to organize a "Mouvement National Populaire." But nothing had come of that, partly no doubt because they lacked the necessary money. Organization of a nationwide movement in a country as big as the Congo is an expensive business.

The second manifestation of the new nationalist spirit that is at last and as yet very timidly beginning to raise its head was hardly more formidable than the first. True, the men who were responsible for it put on a much bolder front and demanded self-government here and now. "Our patience is exhausted," they wrote. "The hour has come to emancipate us without further delay instead of taking another thirty years to do it." But while this sounds very bold, it does not seem very serious. The men who wrote it represented a tribal organization of the Lower Congo numbering only some half a million souls. They can hardly have imagined that they were speaking for the Congo as a whole. In fact, the politically minded Congolese all readily admit that there can as yet be no question of a real Congolese nationalism for the simple reason that the many peoples who inhabit this vast territory have not yet developed a sense of national solidarity.

IF, HOWEVER, there seems little occasion for the alarm which many Belgians felt when these manifestoes appeared and which was reflected in a considerable decline of colonial securities on the Brussels Exchange, it is nonetheless clear that the Congolese are beginning to think about building their own future. They are no longer content to leave it all to Father, nor are they so ready as they used to be to accept that whatever Father does is always right. In particular they are beginning to criticize that part of his management on which he has always prided himself most and to which he owed his great reputation abroad: his economic policy.

It is not so surprising as it might seem to those brought up in legitimate admiration of this policy. For while the skilled Congolese can earn good money, $28 a week and even more, sixty-five per cent of the wage earners do not get more than the legal minimum, which varies with the locality from about $2.75 to $4 a week (the figures are much lower in the rural areas) and which, according to Belgian observers like Scheyven, is decidedly insufficient.

In these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the manner in which

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the big companies have financed the impressive social services and amenities they have created for their workers is receiving a good deal of criticism. "What is called social services," complained the second of the two nationalist manifestoes of 1956, "is in fact nothing but the reinvestment of profits . . . they are building hospitals and schools and garden cities but they dare not raise the wage of the miserable Negro by as much as one penny for fear of upsetting the profit-and-loss account." In the same spirit the first manifesto had said, "We do not accept a policy of low wages intended to enable the companies to reinvest a part of their immense profits."

THE CONGO does owe its economic and social superstructure to a sort of forced saving imposed on the African workers that enables the companies to invest their proceeds—or rather the half that does not go to the shareholders—in schools and hospitals, as well as in factory-expansion programs. In this sense the Congolese are worse off than their brothers on the other side of the river in French Equatorial Africa. There it is the French taxpayer who does most of the saving necessary to provide schools and hospitals, just as he also pays for universities, defense, and countless other things which in the Congo, on whose development and even external security the Belgian taxpayer has yet to spend his first centime, all have to be paid for by the labor or, which comes to the same thing, the forced saving of the Congolese themselves. Half of the capital invested in the Congo since 1887 originated within the colony (for 1956 the figure was as high as sixty-four per cent), and from twenty-five to thirty per cent of the Congolese national product is saved every year for reinvestment.

What are the Belgians aiming at and when do they expect to get there? They are still strongly disinclined to commit themselves to anything very specific. They talk vaguely about a Belgo-Congolese Community, but they consider it "neither possible nor desirable," to quote the minister of colonies, "to lay down at this time what juridical forms the Belgo-Congolese Community will assume." "The juridical modalities," an official document of the Christian Democratic Party said pompously, "will be adapted to the rhythm of the democratic evolution." In short, the Belgians still stick to the old policy of saying as little as possible about their intentions for the future.

The validity of this attitude is questionable now that the Congolese seem on the point of waking from their slumbers. In 1955, a Belgian student of colonial affairs, Professor van Bilsen, wrote an article that shocked Brussels by its unorthodoxy. "The colonial empiricism of the past half century," he wrote, "is out of date. Even though this method, which can hardly be called a policy, may have been successful up to now, it has become worse than useless for the future. . . . As long as we do not know what we are aiming at in the Congo we are building on quicksand, we need a plan with a time limit [he proposed a term of no less than thirty years for the emancipation of the Congo—a proposal that was echoed in the first manifesto of 1956] to commit ourselves and to gain the confidence of the native elite." Professor van Bilsen was not alone in pleading for an end to the policy of keeping mum.

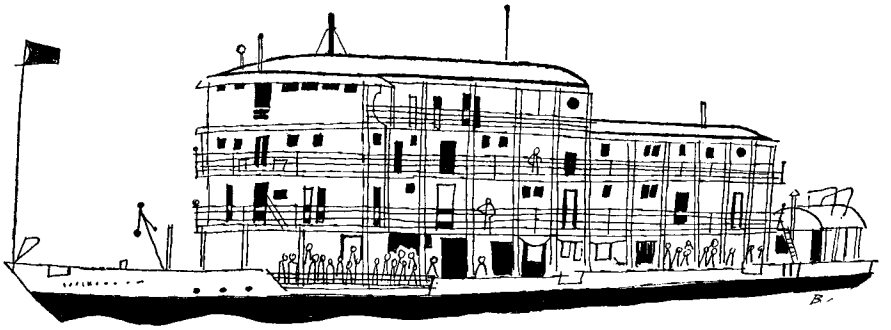
A Dialogue Not Yet Begun

So far, however, neither the government nor any of the political parties have been persuaded to drop their cautious attitude of wait and see. It is understandable enough. Why draw up timetables or blueprints for the Belgo-Congolese Community when the Congolese themselves have hardly begun to formulate any clear-cut ideas on the subject? If this community is ever to come into being and to have any chance of proving durable, it must be the product of what the French call a "dialogue" with an "*interlocuteur valable.*" And such a figure, who can really speak for the Congolese the way Kwame Nkrumah could speak for the people of the Gold Coast, is not yet in sight.

Moreover, there is little point in trying to plan thirty years ahead when one has to deal with as many unknown factors as there are in the Congo. Who can tell what will be the eventual effect of the new fraternalism and how quickly the present small stirrings of impatience will grow? Who can tell what will be the effect of the electoral principle that was introduced in the cities last year and is to be extended throughout the country during 1958? The first time the Congolese were allowed to go to the polls, in the municipal elections of last December, the result was a considerable surprise in that most of the well-known notables and intellectuals who ran for office were defeated by unknown young men.

WHO KNOWS what will be the effect of the yeast that has been introduced into the Congo with the setting up of its two universities? Who can tell whether the Congolese middle class will continue to collaborate with the régime under which it has prospered or, preferring power to prosperity, put itself at the head of a revolutionary mass movement? Who knows how the Belgian ruler, so used to strict obedience, will react to trouble or how Belgian public opinion, until recently so little interested in the Congo, would react if confronted with the choice between repression and appeasement of a troublesome nationalist movement?

The dialogue between Belgians and Congolese has yet to begin, and thus neither party has had a chance to show what stuff it is made of.



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The Appearance and Reality Of Khrushchev's 'Promotion'

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

On the face of it, Khrushchev's new office adds little or nothing to his power. Stalin, throughout most of his career, exercised absolute dictatorship from the party's General Secretariat without even being a member of the government (he became premier only in 1941). Real power still resides in the party's Secretariat and Presidium, whose will any Soviet premier has to carry out, and by whose will he is appointed or removed—as the fortunes of Malenkov and Bulganin have shown. Khrushchev has taken the formal lead of the Council of Ministers not so much in order to strengthen his position internally as to regularize his standing in relation to other heads of state in preparation for a summit meeting, or for any important moves in the international field that he may contemplate independently of a summit meeting.

Yet the change in the Soviet premiership must also have a bearing on domestic affairs. Khrushchev appears now to be on top of all or nearly all his adversaries. To the long list of casualties in the struggle for power, Bulganin's name is now added. He has had to pay for the ambiguous attitude he took last summer, during the showdown between Khrushchev and the "anti-party group" of Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov—and for his more recent differences with Khrushchev. However, the strength of Khrushchev's position must be judged by a consideration of the circumstances of the struggle and the methods by which he has won it. He has, so far, triumphed under the sign of a "return to socialist democracy," and has owed his successes to the blows he has struck at the Stalinist system of government. He destroyed or helped to destroy Beria as the symbol of the police state with its insane terror, purges, and concentration camps. He has discredited Molotov and Kaganovich and expelled them from the seats of power as the leaders of the Stalinist die-hards. He has been able to dispose of Malenkov by associating him, not quite truthfully, with Molotov and Kaganovich, and by stressing Malenkov's responsibility for the Stalinist purges (to which Khrushchev himself also lent a hand). Finally, he has won against Zhukov by mobilizing the party cadres against the not altogether imaginary danger of a military dictatorship, playing on the fear that haunts the party of a Russian Bonaparte.

Half Khrushchev, Half Stalin

Thus at every step in his climb, Khrushchev has stirred the Soviet people's distrust of any pretender to dictatorship and has appealed to the popular craving for freedom, emphatically promising to satisfy it. Though no doubt there has been a great deal of demagogy in all this, Khrushchev is now to some extent the prisoner of his own promises and slogans. He has won at a price that makes it extremely difficult for him to use power in a tyrannical and autocratic manner.

He has also had to make very real, if limited, concessions to the social aspirations of the Soviet people. He has had to satisfy in some measure the egalitarian yearnings of the workers, to improve the lot of the lowest paid among them, to relieve them of the industrial terror of the Stalin era, and to give them some say in the factories and workshops. Furthermore, he has had to meet half way the demands of the peasants, to relieve them of the burden of taxation, to pay them higher prices for farm produce, and to allow them far greater freedom in the management of the collective farms. At present he is transferring, on surprisingly easy terms, the property of the state-owned Machine Tractor Stations to the farms. He has also dismantled the overcentralized bureaucratic machine of industrial control and bestowed a high degree of economic autonomy on the provinces.

Perhaps frightened by the political ferment provoked by his own revelations about Stalin's misrule, Khrushchev has tried recently to turn the screws of political control. Yet the Soviet Union today is in every respect a much freer country than it was five years ago, and it can hardly be robbed again of its newly won, though very limited, freedoms. The popular pressure for a "socialist democracy" that has wrested so many concessions from the ruling group persists; and the new premier, even if he has defeated all his rivals, has to reckon with it. He himself represents all the contradictions of the present period of transition, during which the Soviet Union has been breaking with the habits and traditions of the Stalin era while still bearing many marks of Stalinism. Khrushchev is, one might say, half a Stalin. His background being what it is, he can hardly be less than that; but on the other hand he cannot be more, either.

We need only to compare Khrushchev's present position five years after Stalin's departure with Stalin's position five years after Lenin's death to see the difference. By 1929, Stalin had already established his tyrannical rule. He had already banished Trotsky not merely from Moscow but from Russia, and deported thousands of Trotsky's followers to Siberia. From month to month the terror gained in momentum and insanity. The relentless and hysterical campaigns against all opposition, Right and Left, raged without a moment's break. By contrast, Khrushchev's campaigns against his adversaries have so far had little of the vehemence of Stalin's drives against Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Bukharin. Malenkov, Zhukov, and Molotov are still waiting in the wings. Attempts at fostering a Khrushchev cult are being made; but they are very timid indeed in comparison with even the earliest beginnings of the Stalin cult. The phony elections and votes, the pretenses of unanimity, and the monolithic outlook of the party are still what they

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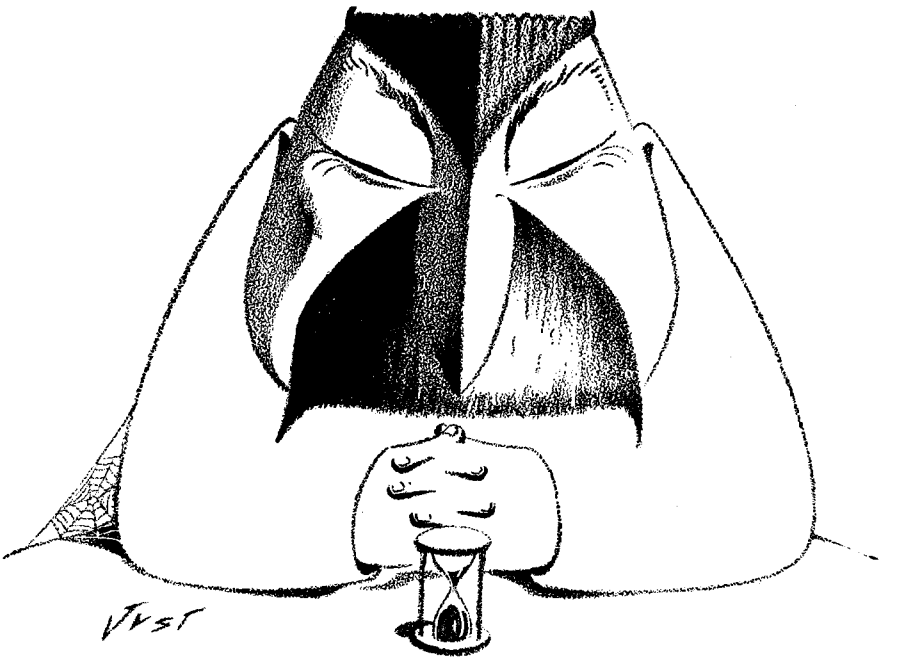
were in Stalin's days. But behind this façade, a new public opinion, with diverse crosscurrents, is forming itself. And there are few signs of any real recrudescence of the old terror.

KHRUSHCHEV'S powers thus appear to be limited by the new political atmosphere in the country, even if they are not checked by envious rivals in the Presidium. Apart from Zhukov, perhaps, his old rivals, though they may be waiting in the wings, have little chance of a comeback. Their weakness vis-à-vis Khrushchev lies precisely in their belonging to the old climate and the old era, and, for the most part, to the old generation.

Men of a new generation and outlook are coming to the fore. It is from among them that Khrushchev's potential rivals and successors are likely to come. They have been quite unknown until recently, and so little or nothing can be said about their personalities. Most of them, like the new First Vice-Premier Frol R. Kozlov, have been promoted by Khrushchev. Yet this does not necessarily make them his stooges. He has brought a few of them from the Secretariat to the party's Presidium to fill the places vacated there by the Stalinist old guard. But already he is sharing his power with them to an extent to which Stalin never shared his.

IN THIS CONNECTION, the new relationship between the Presidium and the Secretariat deserves attention. The fact that these two bodies have recently been so overhauled as to become almost identical in composition—ten members of the present Presidium are also members of the Secretariat—has been generally interpreted as being an indication of the growth and consolidation of Khrushchev's power.

In the light of the past relationship between these two bodies, however, a very different conclusion would seem to be far more justified. Stalin built up and secured his autocratic dictatorship precisely by keeping the Politburo (the Presidium's predecessor) and the Secretariat strictly separated. He alone was the link between them. In theory the Politburo was the party's supreme



authority, but in practice the Secretariat wielded the power. Stalin never allowed other members of the Politburo to gain any foothold in the Secretariat or any share of control over it; this was his exclusive domain. As a rule, he also kept the men of the Secretariat away from the Politburo. Stalin's adversaries made repeated attempts to bring the Politburo and the Secretariat closer together. All these attempts failed because Stalin was bent on keeping the Politburo, which was in name the policymaking body, deprived of the machine that it would have needed for the implementation of policy.

The present close connection between the Presidium and the Secretariat has changed all this. The men of the Secretariat have been promoted to the rank of policymakers, but as policymakers they maintain control over the party machine. Khrushchev shares with them the responsibility for policy decisions as well as the power to carry out such decisions. They may not be Khrushchev's actual rivals as yet—for that they are too fresh to their offices—but this arrangement may well limit his powers much more effectively than any old-style rivalry within the Presidium could do.

Khrushchev has reached his pinnacle as almost the last representative of the Stalinist old guard. That guard as a whole has been removed from power. For how long the men of the new generation will recognize him, the survivor of the Stalin guard, as their leader remains to be seen. He can lead them only if he yields to them and follows them. Should he try to establish himself against them, as the new autocrat and demigod, and to rule by means of a Stalinist terror, then he will certainly meet with bitter and dangerous resistance. He has done something to immunize Russia against the "cult of the individual," and he must bear the consequences.

The Big 'Peace Offensive'

Gromyko's announcement, made at the session of the Supreme Soviet on March 31, that Russia has unilaterally stopped nuclear tests indicates further that Khrushchev has assumed the office of premier mainly to associate himself most closely with the big "peace offensive" in which the suspension of nuclear testing is only the first spectacular move.

It is probable that, as with all major decisions of recent years, the decision in favor of the cessation of nuclear tests was arrived at only after serious controversy within the ruling group. The same motives for which the American and British governments have been against the unilateral suspension of tests must have induced certain Soviet leaders (and Bulganin may have been among them) to oppose this decision. This

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opposition was defeated within the party Presidium, and Khrushchev, in the eyes of the Soviet people, takes credit for the new initiative. Marshal Voroshilov hinted at this background to the latest developments while introducing Khrushchev to his new office, and it was this, in effect, that the people of the Soviet Union were given as the main, or even the only, reason for Khrushchev's appointment.

THREE YEARS AGO when Marshal Bulganin became premier, that action was justified on the ground that Malenkov, his predecessor, had shown himself inexperienced and inefficient. Malenkov himself came forward to confess his failings. But Bulganin has left office without any such confession, and no accusations have been publicly leveled against him.

The Soviet people have instead been given to understand that the struggle for peace has entered into a decisive phase in which Khrushchev, the supreme champion of peace, would be the best man to be in charge. Whatever practical importance is or is not attached to the cessation of tests, there can be no doubt that the decision itself has been taken to some extent in response to a genuine and deep desire for peace among the mass of the Soviet people.

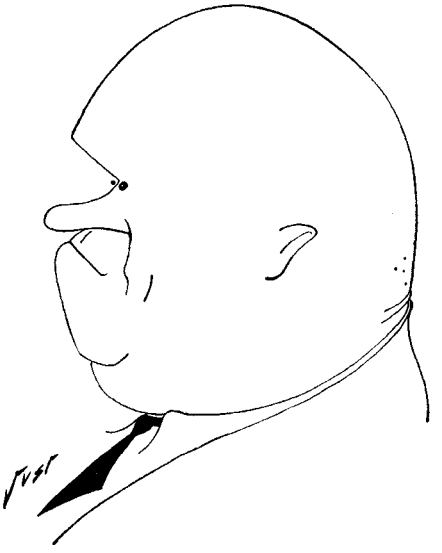
It may be assumed that Khrushchev's government will not be content with announcing the stopping of tests. Determined to maintain the diplomatic initiative in its hands and to enhance and enlarge the moral advantage it has gained, it will almost certainly follow up with further and even more dramatic moves than are implied in the cessation of tests.

What Next?

The next important move may be nothing less than an announcement that the Soviet government has decided to stop unilaterally all further production of nuclear and hydrogen bombs. This, at any rate, is the substance of a proposal that Khrushchev and his colleagues are at present contemplating. The discussion is evidently not yet concluded, and it may take quite a few months before a decision is made. The Soviet government is in no hurry to make up its mind.

The announcement about the cessation of nuclear tests gives it plenty of time in which to maneuver in the international field, to watch reactions, to stimulate the pacifist mood in the West, and to exercise pressure on the NATO governments. In the meantime, the policymakers in Moscow can thrash out the pros and the cons of the proposal to stop the manufacture of nuclear and hydrogen bombs.

Khrushchev at this time has come very near to committing himself in favor of this proposal. The reasoning behind it is simple. This may



not, of course, commend it to military experts or diplomats in and out of Russia; but it need not prevent it from playing ultimately an important part in Soviet diplomacy and from having an impact on world policy. Khrushchev's argument is broadly this: at the present level of technological development, the hydrogen bomb can already be regarded as an absolute weapon in the sense that it is not subject to obsolescence. This makes any further continuation of the armament race in nuclear and hydrogen weapons absurd.

Every conventional armament race has always been carried forward by two basic factors: the limitation of the destructive power of the weapons and their liability to become obsolete. If two potential enemies had each at his disposal, say, 100,000 guns, 20,000 planes, and 30,000 tanks, neither could stop the race, for each would fear that the other might accumulate more guns, planes, and tanks and wield greater destructive power. Each would also be afraid that the other might perfect his weapons and that his own guns, planes, and tanks would become obsolete.

Similar considerations and fears, however, tend to lose their point with the new technological developments. When a government like the Russian or the American has accumulated a stockpile of hydrogen bombs sufficient to lay waste half the world and to paralyze the enemy completely, that government no longer has any reason for adding to its supply of bombs or for fearing that the bombs it has stockpiled will become obsolete. What does it matter if they do?

This means that something like a new law of diminishing returns is thus dramatically asserting itself in the field of nuclear armament. What Khrushchev is suggesting is that the returns have already diminished so much that they are almost at the vanishing point.

Only the military experts and the nuclear scientists who know the size and the power of the Russian and American stockpiles of bombs are in a position to judge whether this view is realistic or not. But the view is apparently taken seriously enough in Moscow to serve as the basis for a top-level discussion and as the starting point for possible governmental action.

An Assumption of Strength

If the proposal to stop nuclear armament unilaterally were to be adopted in Moscow, this would not amount to a decision to disarm. It would, on the contrary, be based on the assumption that Russia had reached the point of absolute armament. By itself, therefore, it would not be a positive contribution to peace unless it served as the starting point for genuine disarmament, which would first call for the destruction of existing supplies of bombs. But even if it were not to lead to such destruction, a unilateral cessation of nuclear armament by Russia would have momentous economic and political consequences. It

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would free the Soviet economy from the very heavy burden of nuclear armament and release enormous resources, including nuclear ones, for the development of civilian production.

This would enable the Soviet Union, by withdrawing from the armament race, to leap ahead powerfully in the industrial race with the United States and thereby to enhance in time the international attraction of Communism. The whole question, from the Russian viewpoint, is whether Russia has really reached the point of absolute armament. Directly or indirectly, Khrushchev will provide the answer within a year or so.

IN THE MEANTIME, Soviet diplomacy will do its utmost to make as much capital as it can out of the cessation of nuclear tests. It will play all its trump cards. It will point out that the United States has no excuse for refusing to follow suit since it has carried out more than one hundred nuclear tests while Russia, it is estimated, has carried out less than sixty; and that in stopping the tests, Khrushchev's government has taken up a proposal that Adlai Stevenson made in 1956.

The Soviet Union will also use the effect of its latest initiative to put Konrad Adenauer's government on the defensive, and to present the nuclear armament of the West German Federal Republic as a provocation. If the NATO powers go on arming West Germany with atomic weapons, the Soviet Union may reply by setting up nuclear-missile bases in East Germany and Poland, although the value of such a retort may for Russia be more political than military. Finally, if the United States and Britain do not stop the tests and the Soviet government decides to renew them, it will be able to place the onus on the western powers. In doing so, it will certainly carry a great deal of conviction with the uncommitted nations of the world and with considerable sections of public opinion in western Europe.

It may be seen from all this that Khrushchev has indeed taken over the reins of government for a very intense and dynamic drive in the field of diplomacy.

Canada the Morning After Diefenbaker's Landslide

G. GERALD HARROP

WHILE THE EARLY eastern results of the March 31 Canadian general election were coming in, Lester B. Pearson, the Liberal leader, was enjoying an oyster supper. His comment was: "The oysters were good—the results weren't." To this he added a Latin version of a quotation from Kipling to the effect that "We must learn to treat those twin impostors—triumph and disaster—both the same."

This combination of wit and learning, plus a distinguished diplomatic record and the Nobel Prize for peace, proved no match for the histrionic eloquence and revivalistic fervor Pearson's Progressive Conservative opponent, John G. Diefenbaker.

For this was the first Canadian general election conducted in the style of an American Presidential contest. Before the emergence of Diefenbaker, the personality of the leader played only a minor role in his party's struggle for power. W. L. Mackenzie King was neither loved nor hated, and his personal life was so much his own business that only after he died was it discovered that he was a practicing spiritualist. No one would have dreamed of calling him "Mac" or of referring to his opponents, Arthur Meighen and Richard B. Bennett, as "Art" and "Dick." To be sure, some attempt was made to create an "Uncle Louis" image for Louis St. Laurent, but the Tory-Diefenbaker campaign of June, 1957, was the first time a party tried, and succeeded, in getting elected on the coattails of a leader. An electorate that had long resisted the invitation to vote Conservative responded to the cry "Elect a Diefenbaker Government" in sufficient numbers to give the Tories their unexpected victory last year.

Diefenbaker found himself at the head of a minority government, but his insecure position in the House of Commons did not deter him from proceeding with impressive alacrity to fulfill his election promises. In the first and only session of the twenty-third Parliament, old-age pensions and family allowances were increased, taxes reduced (a little), the money supply eased (especially for home construction), federal help given to the have-not Atlantic provinces for power projects, cash advanced to farmers for the farm-stored grain they are unable to move to the glutted elevators, and the plan for national hospital insurance accelerated so that it may be in effect in some provinces by July.

WHILE THIS POPULAR legislation was being enacted last fall, the Liberal opposition floundered in leaderless impotence, for St. Laurent had announced his imminent retirement in the early fall and had stated that the opposition would make no effort to defeat the government. The Liberals, in fact, abdicated their role as opposition party, leaving the initiative to the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (C.C.F.), which took advantage of it, more to embarrass the Liberals than the Conservatives.

When the Liberals finally held their convention in January, Pearson was chosen leader, defeating Paul Martin, former minister of health and welfare. Martin's supporters had argued that he was more experienced than Pearson in the rough-and-tumble of domestic politics, but at the closing session of the convention, Pearson delivered a thoroughly partisan, Tory-baiting acceptance speech, challenging the government to do something about the deepening recession and charging it with losing markets by its plan to divert fifteen per cent of Canada's U.S. trade to Great Britain. Pearson called for expansion, not diversion. With the words "I can and will lead this new, strong and great

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party to victory—and soon" ringing in their ears, the Liberal delegates went home convinced that the new leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition would promptly initiate a want-of-confidence motion which, with C.C.F. help, would bring the government down and bring on an election. Pearson did nothing of the kind. What he did do opened the way for one of Diefenbaker's most telling passages in a subsequent campaign speech:

"I listened to the Liberal convention. I heard Mr. Pearson's acceptance speech. I said to myself: This is it. A want-of-confidence motion is coming. I waited that weekend. Then on Monday Mr. Pearson rose in the House. I said to myself, here it comes. But what did they say: 'Give us back our jobs, but let's not have an election!' "

And that is precisely what the Liberal motion called for. The government, it said, had lost the confidence of the people in its handling of the growing recession. If the motion had stopped there, and had passed, the government would have had to resign, dissolve Parliament, and call an election. But the motion went on to specify that there be no election; instead, Parliament should let the Liberals form a new government. This motion the minority parties could not vote for, nor were they intended to do so. It was simply a dodge to re-establish the tone, if not the substance, of opposition, and to prevent an election, at least until a time when the Liberals would be ready to fight one.

When the Iron Was Hot

The halfhearted Liberal motion put the initiative firmly in the hands of Prime Minister Diefenbaker, who was now hell-bent for an election. On Saturday, February 2, the blow fell. Diefenbaker rerouted a plane scheduled to fly west to Winnipeg and flew east instead to Quebec, where Governor-General Vincent Massey was in winter residence. Diefenbaker requested, and was granted, a dissolution, on the plea that his government's minority position had become "intolerable." He flew back to Ottawa the same afternoon, arranged to have the Great Seal of Canada placed on the Article of Dissolution, and entered the House a few minutes before the scheduled closing time of six o'clock to announce the end of the shortest Parliament in Canadian history. Opposition members were left speechless in a dead chamber. This, said Pearson, was dissolution in "the Cromwellian manner" (a reference to the Protector's last words to The Long Parliament: "In the name of God, go!"), and Stanley Knowles of the C.C.F. reflected on the irony of the fact that an important factor in the Tory victory had been the charge that the Liberal government had arrogantly invoked a closure to terminate a debate. Here was the ultimate closure terminating Parliament itself, without warning and with opposition speakers given no chance to reply to the Prime Minister's thoroughly political speech.

At this point Pearson had been the leader of his party for just

Diefenbaker

two weeks. He must have recalled somewhat nostalgically the relatively uncomplicated problems of dealing with Andrei Gromyko, Krishna Menon, and John Foster Dulles at the U.N. Seldom has a party leader in a democracy entered an election against such overwhelming odds, and this less than a year after nearly all Canadians believed the Liberal Party to be invincible and the main obstacle between Pearson and the Prime Minister's office to be no more than the winning of a party convention. He faced an opponent of awesome political virtuosity, who had already turned Pearson's first parliamentary encounter into a disaster. Of nine Liberal cabinet ministers defeated in their constituencies last June, only one attempted to make a comeback with Pearson. Even a dozen or so of the surviving Liberals had decided to drop out. The Tory trend was thoroughly apparent in the difficulty the Liberals had in getting candidates at all, let alone strong ones, and there was very little money coming in to fill the depleted war chest.

PEARSON'S academic and diplomatic training was of little use on the hustings. He exhibited a detachment, objectivity, and awareness of personal limitations that are all but fatal in a political leader. Even his jokes were apt to be on himself. "A halo has only to slip six inches," he said of the Nobel award, "and it becomes a noose." He wasn't sure sometimes whether he belonged to "the three wise men" of NATO or "the three blind mice." While he charged the Tories with offering too little, too late in their efforts to stop the recession, he could not quite bring himself to intone the slogan "Tory Times Are Hard Times," and he even admitted occasionally that many people would be unemployed in Canada this winter whoever was in power. In another moment of candor, he admitted that the former Liberal government's unwillingness to recognize Communist China was not unrelated to the attitude of the United States.

Pearson is not an orator: his voice is pitched rather high and there is the suggestion of a lisp. He was at his best when he visited the universities, as he did whenever possible. Here he would sit casually on the edge of a table, let his legs swing, and take on all comers who desired to question or even heckle him. But "Leadership of a political party," as Diefenbaker remarked, "doesn't mean that you speak in words understood only by the so-called intelligentsia."

The Diefenbaker campaign was certainly not aimed exclusively at

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the eggheads. Diefenbaker had spent seventeen of his eighteen parliamentary years in opposition, and the fervor with which he defended his stewardship was exceeded only by the ferocity with which he attacked the former Liberal government. His appeal was sectional: he promised price supports for potatoes in Prince Edward Island, power for New Brunswick, the long-awaited South Saskatchewan dam, roads to the Yukon Territory, and more political influence and cabinet posts for traditionally Liberal Quebec. This last promise may cause Diefenbaker some difficulty. Out of a mere handful of nine Tory members from Quebec he had named three cabinet ministers in his minority government, believing that he would need to pick up at least a few Quebec seats in order to assure a dependable majority. The Tories actually won two-thirds of the seats in Quebec, and although Diefenbaker would enjoy a comfortable majority even without those fifty seats, the victorious Conservatives of Quebec are certainly not going to forget the promises he made to them in the heat of the campaign. The prime minister has already said that Quebec's representation in the cabinet is to be raised to six seats.

Diefenbaker repeatedly invited his large audience to "catch the vision of the new Canadianism" and promised a massive national development program, especially in the north. Pearson scoffed at this last idea in two of his less happy witticisms; he called it "boondoggling by bulldozer" and "building roads from igloo to igloo."

EVERYTHING seemed to fall just right for Diefenbaker and the Tories, even in the midst of a recession. There was still some traditional British feeling against the St. Laurent-Pearson Suez policy, which the Tories had denounced in Parliament as "gratuitous condemnation of Britain and France" and "meekly following the unrealistic policies of the United States." They were also the beneficiaries of a certain amount of anti-Americanism, which was exacerbated late in the campaign by the revelation that Ford of Canada had been prevented by its parent company from selling a thousand vehicles to China. There was also a widespread feeling that Diefenbaker, though leader of a minority government, had "kept his promises" and should be "given a chance, with a working majority."

As if all this weren't enough, wily Premier Maurice Duplessis of Quebec decided to depart from his usual practice of keeping out of national elections and this time put his provincial-rights Union Nationale Party at the disposal of the *habitants'* old enemy, the Tories. The Conservative victory in Quebec ended seventy-six years of Liberal domination in the old province. It's almost as if there were a Republican congressional victory in Mississippi.

The Casualty List

The Tory sweep was the greatest in Canadian history. There are 208 Tories in the new Parliament, against 49 Liberals and eight C.C.F.ers. The Social Credit group has been wiped out. In six of the ten provinces the Liberals were eliminated and in four not a single member of any opposition party was elected. Three former Liberal cabinet ministers fell, and of the old government only Pickersgill of Newfoundland, Lesage and Chevrier of Quebec, and Martin of Ontario will sit with Pearson on the Liberal front bench. The C.C.F. party suffered what may be a mortal blow; it managed to hold its three members in Ontario and four of its seven in British Columbia, but it lost all five in Manitoba and nine of its ten in Saskatchewan, where it has governed the province since 1944. The distinguished C.C.F. leader, M. J. Coldwell, and his deputy, Stanley Knowles, were both victims of the Tory tide.

The defeat of Knowles illustrates the magnitude of the Diefenbaker sweep. His seat, Winnipeg North Center, had been Labour and C.C.F. since it was won by J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the C.C.F., in 1921. Knowles himself was regarded as the master parliamentarian in the House and had been offered the speakership by Prime Minister Diefenbaker last summer. He turned down the offer, which would have paid him $23,000 a year and assured him immunity from political hazard, on the ground that he could not serve his constituents from the chair. On all sides it has been conceded since the election that the defeat of Coldwell and Knowles is almost a national calamity.

One of the oddest defeats was suffered by the most colorful Tory of them all, the doughty, ebullient, and irrepressible Charlotte ("Call Me Lottie") Whitton, former mayor of Ottawa. Charlotte, who described herself as a "bantam hen," decided to run in Ottawa West. She defeated a mere man who dared to contest the Tory nominating convention and then set her sights on George McIlraith, the quiet and reserved Liberal incumbent. "I'll either beat him," she said, "or leave him limping." Miss Whitton gained the distinction of being the only private candidate to be made the object of a Pearson quip: "Charlotte's launched spectacularly, but she's not yet in orbit." She lost, but she did leave McIlraith limping, cutting his majority from about six thousand to one thousand. She had prepared the huge Ottawa Coliseum for a victory celebration, and despite her defeat her supporters arrived and the party went on. "I'm half Irish," said Charlotte, "and only the Irish can make a good thing out of a wake."

ALREADY some Canadians are surveying the carnage and asking, "What have we done?" Not a single Liberal was elected west of Ontario. Recent experience with top-heavy majorities has not been particularly happy, nor has Tory concern for the rights of Parliament been exactly conspicuous in their nine months of office. They now have a steam-roller majority, with a strong man at the wheel, and the opposition weakened not only in numbers but in the caliber of its membership.

Lester Pearson himself will not go into the political wilderness like a defeated Presidential candidate in the United States. He was able to retain his own seat in northwestern Ontario and he will have an important role to play as leader of the opposition. But things are bound to be a lot easier for the Tories now that men like Knowles and Coldwell of the C.C.F. and former Liberal cabinet ministers and spokesmen are no longer in Parliament to talk back.

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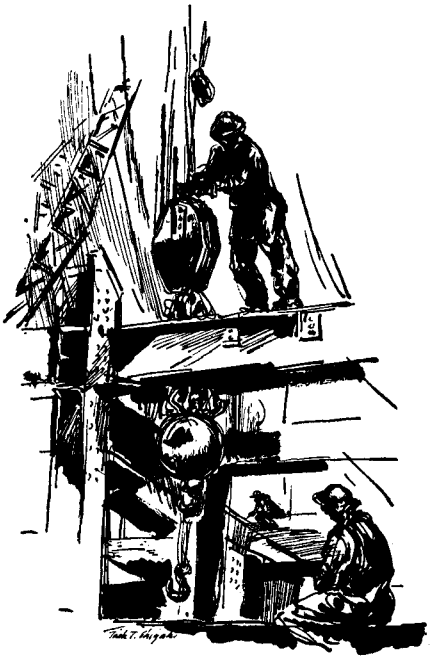
American Labor Attacks Its Own Segregation Problem

WILL CHASAN



RACIAL DISCRIMINATION in this country's trade unions, once almost as commonplace as in the Deep South and as seldom challenged, is now yielding slowly before a quiet but steady attack. The AFL-CIO has given a top priority to the fight against discrimination, and some of the results, though unattended by ballyhoo, are as remarkable as those in the fight against corruption.

In civil-rights cases, as in cases of corruption, AFL-CIO President George Meany has refused to defer to the doctrine that each international union is autonomous and undisciplinable, a doctrine that in the past threw a protective mantle around hoodlums, racists, common thieves, and other assorted scoundrels in the labor movement.

TAKE, for instance, the case of Theodore Pinkston and Local 38 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (IBEW) in Cleveland. Pinkston, a young Negro Army veteran and a qualified electrician, was denied membership in Local 38. The reason was unmistakable. The Cleveland Community Relations Board, which administers that city's fair employment practices act, found the local guilty of discrimination and a hundred-dollar fine was imposed. The local, which had always excluded Negroes, paid the fine but refused to rescind its action.

No doubt the local's officers thought the matter would end there. Most sections of the IBEW had been "lily white" for decades, and seldom had there been any serious interference with this policy. But as Local 38 was compelled to realize, times have changed—or at least, times are changing. The Pinkston case moved slowly upward through AFL-CIO channels, and arrived finally on Meany's desk in the imposing new AFL-CIO building in Washington, D.C. Not long thereafter, Meany had a conference with IBEW President Gordon Freeman. What Meany had to say was simple: The constitution of the AFL-CIO pledges it "to encourage all workers without regard to race, creed, color or national origin to share in the full benefits of union organization." Local 38 could either comply with this pledge or give up its charter.

When Freeman passed down this ultimatum, the local yielded—though not without a touch of spite. It gave qualifying tests to Pinkston and three other Negroes, and only Pinkston failed to pass. Herbert Hill, labor secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, insists bitterly that the test given to Pinkston was so rigged that no electrician could have passed it. Still, the color barrier had been broken, and subsequently, without publicity or pressure, the local admitted a fourth Negro.

A similar episode occurred in Milwaukee, where Local 8 of the Bricklayers refused to admit two qualified Negroes. The Wisconsin Industrial Commission, which has the job of enforcing fair employment practices in the state, went into court in an effort to compel Local 8 to open its membership to Negroes. The court held that the commission's recommendations were unenforceable. But the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee, which had been set up to handle the discrimination problem, with the co-operation of officials of the Bricklayers international union persuaded Local 8 to reverse its policy. "The courts upheld them but they bowed to trade-union law," says Charles Zimmerman, chairman of the committee.

'Prove It to Me!'

It is symptomatic of what is happening that last summer, when Texas AFL and CIO unions held a state merger convention at Austin, a motion to sidetrack favorable action on a civil-rights plank got only twenty-five per cent of the vote. "I'm a citizen," said one of the Negro delegates. "I don't want to feel that I'm not wanted here. Don't tell me something—prove it to me!" The convention committed itself to the national AFL-CIO policy by a vote of two to one.

The barriers have come down in some unexpected places. In 1955, for instance, Negroes were accepted for the first time by one of the Big Five railroad operating unions. Railroad unions, except for the Redcaps and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, had traditionally excluded Negroes. Even the American Railway Union, set up by Socialist leader Eugene V. Debs, had followed this practice. Yet oddly enough, the break came in the Deep South. The Railroad Switchmen's Union of North America, preparing for a representation election on the Central of Georgia Railway, decided that it couldn't afford to ignore the Negroes, who constituted a third of the eligible voters. It assured Negro brakemen and switchmen that they would be given full membership rights, and, aided by their votes, won the election handily. Actually, the union had removed a color ban from its constitution years earlier, but the Georgia campaign marked the first time its new policy had been put into effect.

As one might expect, there tends to be a gap between labor policy

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and practice in civil-rights matters. This is true even in some of the former CIO unions that devote a good deal of time and money to combating discrimination. It was glaringly true of the old AFL.

As recently as the Second World War, over two dozen AFL international unions either had constitutional clauses barring Negroes or else discriminated openly against Negroes in their locals. Today only one major AFL-CIO affiliate, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, has a clause in its constitution barring Negroes. The Brotherhood, which just joined the AFL-CIO last year, actually has some two thousand Negro members in states where there are fair employment practice laws and has promised to eliminate the offensive clause at its next convention. In terms of declared union policy, discrimination has all but vanished within the AFL-CIO. In terms of practice, it remains fairly common, though it is steadily diminishing.

PERHAPS the most notable turnabout on the race issue is the one that has taken place in the International Association of Machinists. The IAM as far back as 1890 was refused membership in the AFL, which had been formed in 1886, because its constitution contained a clause excluding Negroes. Several years later, it changed its constitution, though not its practice, to get into the AFL. (The banning of the Machinists, incidentally, was one of the few shows of principle on the race issue ever made by the AFL.) The IAM continued to exclude Negroes until the 1940's when, under the pressure of wartime conditions and fair employment practice regulations, it set up auxiliary locals for Negroes. A few years ago it undertook a more fundamental change. "I don't know how it happened," says an IAM official in the South. "I had always been for keeping the Negroes out. But suddenly I saw that it was all wrong."

At any rate, the IAM began to integrate its Negro and white locals, to open new employment opportunities for Negroes previously confined to unskilled jobs, and, most important of all, to open its apprenticeship program to young Negroes. "The apprenticeship program is the heart of the matter," says Carl Yeldell of the National Urban League. "Most apprenticeship programs are used by unions in the skilled trades as a device for barring Negroes. This is especially true in the building trades. But the IAM has opened the doors to a substantial number of young Negroes." Even Herbert Hill of the N.A.A.C.P., one of the most rigorous critics of the AFL-CIO on the race issue, concedes that the IAM is "at the beginning of a genuine turn" away from discrimination.

'You Can't Use a Bludgeon'

The genuine turn, however, is not being made without difficulties, some of them not anticipated. For example, there's the case of the huge Lockheed plant at Marietta, outside Atlanta, where IAM maintained a white and a Negro local. When the IAM tried to integrate them, some of the leaders of the Negro local balked. They obviously feared losing the prestige attached to running their own local. Two or three times they agreed to integrate, then reneged. Now the white local, whose members had been watching with some uneasiness the spread of Negroes to various production jobs previously closed to them, decided that it wasn't sure *it* wanted integration.

This is no isolated incident. When the integration issue came up at the last convention of the American Federation of Musicians, every Negro musician who spoke favored retaining segregated locals. Union President James Petrillo offered no objections to this stand, but he warned white locals that "if a colored local wants to join you, you had better take them in. Because if you don't, we're going to force you to."

"This can be a very complex and delicate business," says Frank Shane, who directs the fair employment practices department of the giant Steelworkers. "You can't operate in it with a bludgeon." He recalled that in one steel mill, where the union had been insisting on the promotion of a Negro to a skilled job, management finally agreed. "But," says Shane, "they sent the Negro to his new job accompanied by two armed guards. It took us months to undo the damage this caused."

THE DISPOSITION to bow to what the chairman of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee calls "trade-union law" is clearly growing. The fact is that most union officials are highly organization-minded. They may often appear as rebels in the community at large, but within their own organizations they seek to conform as zealously as any Rotarian. No matter what they think of a policy, once they are convinced it is the organization's policy, they will observe it.

In the old AFL, where discrimination was practiced openly or with

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only the flimsiest concealment, A. Philip Randolph, the eloquent leader of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was jeered at as a "professional agitator" when he urged action against discrimination at Federation conventions. Such jeering would be almost unthinkable today. Even in the South, where one would expect a substantial amount of resistance to AFL-CIO policy among union officials, it is difficult to find except at the very lowest level of the union hierarchy. It exists at that level, though in a limited form, for the obvious reason that the pressure of the pro-segregation element among the rank and file is greatest there.

It is often thought that the enlightened rank and file is always at war with a leadership immersed in moral and intellectual darkness. In reality, the opposite is more often true. Political sophistication and broad-mindedness are more common among union officials than among union members, and more common among officials at the top than at the local level. International unions don't encourage their locals to ban Negroes. The problem of discrimination, in the North as well as the South, originates mainly in local unions and in plants.

A while back, for example, members of the United Automobile Workers local at the International Harvester plant in Memphis went out on a wildcat strike to protest the promotion of a Negro to a welding job, a job no Negro had previously held. Of course no action could have been more blatantly in violation of UAW policy. The international union promptly "instructed" the strikers to return to their jobs—there was an oblique threat of dismissal—and the wildcat strike disintegrated.

The fact remains that the UAW, which has spent about two million dollars on an anti-discrimination campaign in the past ten years, still has serious problems. In many big plants in the South, long under contract with the UAW, Negroes are still restricted to menial jobs. With segregation sentiment running high in the South, appreciable improvements are not likely in the near future.

A few months ago, the *Wall Street Journal* quoted the manager of a General Motors assembly plant near Atlanta as saying, "When we moved into the South, we agreed to abide by local custom and not hire Negroes for production work. This is no time for social reforming in that area, and we're not about to try it." To a considerable degree, unions have been driven to the same conclusions.

Segregation Within Integration

The whole situation in the South is endlessly complex. A survey made last year indicated that some two-thirds of all local unions in the South are biracial, that a substantial number of these biracial locals have at least one Negro officer, and that approximately half have at least one Negro shop steward. One would assume from this that there has been an extraordinary degree of progress toward integration. The appearance, however, is misleading. Unions generally have tended to accept the racial patterns prevailing in a plant or industry. In most Southern factories, the practice has been to employ white workers in production jobs and Negroes as janitors or in other unskilled and inferior jobs. If a plant employs, say, six hundred white production workers and fifteen Negro janitors, the union is apt to organize all of them into one local. This makes the local biracial, or integrated, but it leaves a great deal to be desired. "What we have in the South," a candid union official remarked recently, "is segregation within the framework of integration."

It is worth stressing that this is frequently true even where the unions involved are outspoken in their stand for integration. Two years ago, for instance, the Textile Workers Union, although beset by all sorts of difficulties arising out of the flight of mills from New England to the South, adopted a resolution urging a "peaceful and orderly transition to an unsegregated school system" and denounced the white Citizens' Councils as "enemies of law and order." Yet few of the Southern textile mills under contract with the TWU employ Negroes in production jobs, and there is very little, if anything, that the union can do about it. In the South, it must be understood, unions are still highly suspect, at best on the periphery of respectability, and often regarded, especially since the AFL-CIO's firm pro-integration stand and the McClellan subcommittee's disclosures, with fear and loathing. Obviously this situation doesn't provide a union with much leverage for opposing segregation. This explains why most Southern union officials have been doing their best to play down the integration issue. "For God's sake, stop blowing the bugles over civil rights!" one of them pleaded not long ago with an associate in the North. "We have enough trouble just holding our own. We can't undertake a crusade to liberate the Negro."

THE ACTIVITIES of the Citizens' Councils and other segregationist groups have aggravated labor's difficulties in the South, even though their 1956 efforts to persuade local unions to secede from parent organizations and form a Southern labor federation failed dismally; except for several locals of the American Federation of Teachers that were told to integrate or get out, not a single local has seceded.

Nevertheless, segregationist propaganda has had a marked impact on the rank and file. The National Urban League, whose chapters in five large Southern cities have been dropped by Community Chests, attribute this to the hostility of rank and file union members, who boycotted the annual fund drives. In many locals there have been noisy protests against AFL-CIO policy and against contributions to the N.A.A.C.P., which is undoubtedly the most detested organization in the South. Relations between whites and Negroes have deteriorated in

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many locals; in some, Negroes and whites no longer talk with each other and Negro attendance at meetings has dwindled perceptibly.

A Dance in Geneva

The great debate in the South has not been without its droll aspects. In 1956, when a segregationist named Elmer Brock, a member of the Painters in Montgomery, Alabama, tried to launch a Southern labor organization, the Birmingham *Union Labor News* accused him of "exploiting the background created by the Republican-inspired and financed N.A.A.C.P. Autherine Lucy incident." It went on to suggest that Brock was somehow involved with the "Autherine Lucy Crowd" and the big Republican-controlled corporations. Though a neat job of packaging devils, this was something less than a blow for enlightenment.

For anti-union employers, the situation in the South is very nearly ideal. It has become a fairly simple matter to balk unionization of a plant. An employer has only to ask his workers, "Do you want to work under a Negro foreman?" or "Do you want your dues money to go to the N.A.A.C.P.?" A few months back, the Textile Workers had signed up a "vast majority" of the workers in two North Carolina plants. Then, shortly before an NLRB election, the employers handed out racist anti-union literature, the production of which has become a thriving business in the South. The result, says a union spokesman, was that "We got our brains beat in. We lost by about ten to one."

This has been a common occurrence. In the spring and summer of last year, James Carey's International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers was conducting a successful campaign for the support of employees of a firm in Mississippi. But then the owners of the company proceeded to raise the cry that the IUE is a "nigger-loving union" and that Carey himself is a "nigger lover." As proof, they produced a copy of the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News* that showed Carey dancing with a Negro woman. The picture had been taken while Carey was attending a session of the International Labor Organization in Geneva; the woman was the Nigerian delegate. But the use of the picture was highly successful; in the NLRB election, the IUE got less than a quarter of the votes.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the AFL-CIO, though it has been forthright on the civil-rights issue, has tried to handle specific problems stemming from it as discreetly as possible. Happily, the requirements of AFL-CIO policy coincide with the requirements of various fair employment practice laws and with Executive orders barring discrimination in work done on government contracts. Workers who might be tempted to block the employment of Negroes, in defiance of union policy, are apt to be discouraged by the knowledge that they will

also be violating the law. This is equally true of officials of local unions. If the relevance of these legal instruments escapes some union officials, the N.A.A.C.P., the Jewish Labor Committee, or some other group or individual interested in civil rights can be counted on sooner or later to remind them.

THE N.A.A.C.P. has filed numerous complaints on behalf of Negro workers with the President's Committee on Government Contracts. One of these complaints helped to initiate what professionals in the civil-rights field regard as a major breakthrough. This was the elimination in Southwestern oil refineries of dual lines of promotion, one for Negroes and one for white—a system that kept Negroes pocketed in the unskilled jobs. Herbert Hill, who handled the complaint for the N.A.A.C.P., attributes this success to the co-operation of O. A. Knight, president of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union, which has jurisdiction in the refineries. "The union," Hill says, "was the decisive force."

Many union officials, as a matter of strategy, wait to be prodded into action by the N.A.A.C.P. or some other agency. This enables them to turn to their members and say, quite truthfully, "We'll just have to fall into line. There's nothing we can do about it." Apparently it's much easier to get compliance as a fellow victim than as a prosecutor. Besides, it must be remembered that a union official is generally an elected officer and therefore governed by political considerations.

One area in which a great deal of prodding remains to be done is that of the building trades. It would be difficult to find any area in the South in which Negroes have felt the sting of economic discrimination more harshly. Building-trades unions in most cities have tended traditionally to exclude Negroes or to segregate them in Jim Crow locals. A Department of Commerce study based on the 1950 census showed that in the building crafts Negroes constituted only one per cent of the electricians, 3.24 per cent of the plumbers and pipe fitters, and 3.9 per cent of the carpenters. The figures on Negro participation in apprenticeship programs, which are controlled to a very large extent by the unions, were even bleaker. They showed one per cent for Negro electricians, eight-tenths of one per cent for plumbers and pipe fitters, and six-tenths of one per cent for carpenters. The situation has improved since 1950, and supporters of civil rights can point to many auguries of better days, including the recent election of a Negro business agent by a Plumbers local in Chicago.

IT IS IMPORTANT to note that in both Cleveland and Milwaukee the unions involved in the civil-rights cases were in the building trades, and that the weight of the AFL-CIO was brought to bear against them. Five years ago, George Meany told a civil-rights dinner that it was splendidly public-spirited for labor to issue statements against discrimination in general, but that its "first responsibility" was to eliminate discrimination in its own ranks. "He really means it," says Charles Zimmerman, and, as chairman of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee, he is perhaps best qualified to judge.

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The FM Boom: Radio for Grown-ups

NAT HENTOFF

More than a thousand of the nation's disc jockeys, assembled in their first convention at Kansas City, Missouri, recently, were shocked into a standing—if somewhat masochistic—ovation for Mitch Miller, head of popular records for Columbia, when he attacked them for conspicuous nonfeasance.

"You carefully built yourselves into the monarchs of radio," he told them, "and then you went and abdicated—abdicated your programming to the corner record shop; to the eight- to fourteen-year-olds; to the pre-shave crowd that makes up twelve per cent of the country's population and zero per cent of its buying power, once you eliminate ponytail ribbons, Popsicles, and peanut brittle. Back in Longfellow's day—happy man—there came 'a pause in the day's occupation that was known as the Children's Hour.' On much of today's radio we're lucky to get a Grown-up Hour any time before midnight. . . . I too believe that youth must be served—but how about some music for the rest of us?" Miller went on to theorize that part of the accelerating interest in high-fidelity equipment in the past few years was due to the fact that many adults had been driven into becoming their own music programmers. "Four years ago," he noted, "seven out of ten dollars spent buying records were spent buying singles. Since then that figure's been cut exactly in half, while the LP share of the record buyer's dollar has doubled! . . . As the bulk of the public finds it can't hear the music it's hungry for on single records on the radio, it turns more and more to buying LP's to satisfy a grown-up musical appetite on hi-fi sets at home."

Or it turns—and this increasingly significant phenomenon was not mentioned by Miller—to FM radio.

After several years of inertia, FM is in a state of vigorous renewal. In some metropolitan cities, the FCC currently has applications for more FM channels than are available. Earlier this year in *Radio-Electronics,* David Lachenbruch reported that "In the New York city area, where 16 FM stations are operating or authorized, there are 6 applications for the 2 vacant channels. In Los Angeles, where 17 are on the air with 1 more ready to start, 5 applicants are vying for 2 remaining channels." The total number of commercial FM stations is now at least 544, not including 139 educational FM outlets; the listening audience for FM is estimated at thirty-seven million.

Several factors combine to account for the revival of FM. One is that AM radio (which itself has become economically healthier now that TV has lost some of its attention-devouring novelty) has largely been converted, as Mitch Miller observed, into an enormous juke box. There has also been in the past decade a rise in the audience for concert music, and these listeners are not by any means attracted to most of AM. Even some of the few "good music" AM stations, like New York's WQXR, have become fat with commercials and generally bland in programming. Not all FM outlets, to be sure, are intelligently and imaginatively directed, but there are more and more commercial FM stations—together with the educational units—that do devote enough of their air time to non-pop music and even occasionally to literate talk so that they can be turned to by grown-ups with minimal expectancy of being traumatized by the top forty hits.

Another important reason for the FM revival is the conversion of sizable numbers of the populace to the buying—and demanding—of high-fidelity music reproduction. A listener conditioned to reasonably full-range recorded music at home is apt to feel frustrated at hearing music—even good music—on AM radio, which usually cuts off at from 5,000 to 8,000 cycles. Most TV audio reception is equally constricted, a situation made worse by the generally limited attention paid to audio in the TV studios themselves. An FM station, on the other hand, operates in a wider frequency band than AM, normally utilizing a range up to 15,000 cycles, and its signal is nearly free of static so that it can be heard in fuller dynamic range. In music, subdued passages do not have to battle background noise, and there is far less distortion in loud passages.

What's Good for FM . . .

It took the manufacturers of packaged high fidelity a while to realize that their customers would also naturally gravitate to FM. A steadily increasing number of packaged high-fidelity units, however, are now including FM tuners. One firm, Harman-Kardon, is even producing a package consisting of amplifier, preamplifier, and FM tuner, but no AM. General Electric meanwhile has been sponsoring FM programs in several cities to advertise its high-fidelity equipment; indeed, an increasing percentage of the commercials on many FM stations are for hi-fi equipment.

As for the production of FM sets

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themselves, the Electronic Industries Association has estimated that 1,175,000 sets were produced in 1947, with a high point of 1,600,000 the next year. The full-strength arrival of TV, combined with surprisingly spotty and poor promotion of FM, led to a drop in the number of sets produced—and several companies stopped making FM sets entirely. In 1952, only a little more than half a million sets were marketed, and in 1954, there were no more than 200,000 new sets. The turning point began in 1955, with 275,000 produced. More than 400,000 came out in 1956, and it has been estimated that 1957 sales were somewhere above half a million.

A formidable factor in the boom was the ingenuity of a relatively small American manufacturer, Granco Products, Inc., which developed an FM set that could retail for $30. Granco claims to have sold 100,000 FM sets and tuners in 1956, and to have sold considerably more the next year. The major American firms were also prompted to take a second look at FM through the success of imported FM units. These European lines, notably the German and Dutch like Telefunken, Philips (Norelco), Majestic-Grundig, Elite, and Blaupunkt, have been consistently excellent in quality. The German firms alone exported at least fifty thousand sets equipped for FM, as well as AM and short wave, here in 1956 and about seventy-five thousand in 1957. Now most of the major American firms (Zenith had been the only one to produce FM sets regularly in quantity) have included FM in their 1958 lines. By the end of the year, the currently small market for FM car radios should also be considerably broadened.

From Major to General

The European impetus in FM is a logical counterpart to the overpopulated AM broadcast bands in Europe, and FM has become a vital aspect of broadcasting in countries like Germany and Britain, and in Scandinavia. The BBC has been building an FM network to cover all of Britain, while West Germany has undertaken a similar project.

The history of FM in this country, where it was invented by the late Major Edwin Howard Armstrong,

has not been that of the normal evolution in public acceptance of a new scientific concept. Armstrong's frequency-modulation radio was a result of his twenty years' experimentation to eliminate static. The background and nature of these experiments and Armstrong's subsequent bitter battle for his invention are detailed in Lawrence Lessing's biography of Armstrong, *Man of High Fidelity* (Lippincott, 1956).

Armstrong had developed FM by 1933, demonstrated it in 1935, and finally obtained an experimental license for his own FM station from the FCC by 1936, though he did so only by threatening to take FM abroad. (An FCC engineer thought the invention "visionary.") There was substantial resistance to this new form of broadcasting from the major networks as well as skepticism from the FCC. "Armstrong," explains Lessing, "saw in the development of FM the opportunity to free the U.S. radio system of oppressive restriction and regulation. An almost unlimited number of FM stations was possible in the shortwaves, thus ending the unnatural restrictions imposed on radio in the crowded longwaves. If FM were freely developed, the number of stations would be limited only by economics and competition rather than by technical restrictions. Small stations and new networks would have a chance to grow, reducing the need for FCC regulation and lessening the domination of the industry by a few corporations."

As late as 1951, the New York *Times*, examining the growth of FM listening in New York, complained that "because only a few manufacturers of radios have had the foresight and courage to promote and sell FM sets, the public never has had a fair chance to learn about the advantages of frequency modulation broadcasting. Many broadcasters and manufacturers with large stakes in the less efficient AM system have either opposed FM openly or have given it lip service in the hope that it would die aborning. Some have shouted that FM already is dead.... As the guardians of the public's right to good radio reception it is time for the Federal Communications Commission to find out whether the opposition to modern FM broadcasting is inspired by selfish motives, and if it is, to do something about it."

By 1940, RCA was finally convinced that FM was workable and might have commercial possibilities. It tried to buy a nonexclusive license to Armstrong's FM patents for one million dollars with no royalties to be paid him. Armstrong refused, and RCA later devoted from two to three years not to perfecting FM but to developing a circuit that would make it unnecessary for it to use Armstrong's patents. When RCA succeeded, Jack Gould of the New York *Times* broke the story. He soon heard from General David Sarnoff, who indignantly demanded a retraction of the *Times's* interpretation of RCA's maneuver. "I told him he wouldn't get one," Gould recalls, "because what we printed was the truth."

Hurdles in the Air

In any case, there were some forty FM stations by 1942, but further progress naturally stopped when all civilian production of electronic equipment had to end for the duration of the war. The next blow to FM was the FCC decision in 1945 to move FM from its fifty-megacycle band to its present band of frequencies between 88 and 108 megacycles. The change, fought furiously by Armstrong, was intended, so its supporters claimed, to provide FM with more channels and to release the lower band for TV and for government broadcasting, such as that required for military purposes. The effect of the decision was to make all existing FM sets obsolete.

Yet FM continued to grow. By the end of 1949, there were 730 commercial and thirty-four educational stations. But then TV arrived in

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force, and by early 1956 the number of FM stations had fallen to 536. Since then, the resurgence has taken hold. During this current revival—and as part of the reason for it—a noticeable change has taken place in the nature of FM programming as contrasted with the late 1940's and early 1950's. During the pre-TV height of FM, there was less programming by independent stations for FM alone than exists today. When the FCC did finally agree to give out FM licenses, it had proposed, as Charles Siepmann describes in *Radio, Television, and Society* (Oxford University Press, 1950), "that all applicants for FM licenses who were already operating on AM should guarantee to broadcast, for a few hours a day, original and distinct programs on FM, not simply simultaneous transmissions of their AM programs. This proposal was designed to even out to a small extent the financial outlay both of established broadcasters and newcomers, and to force the pace of experimentation. It was this regulation," Siepmann continued, "that the industry persuaded the FCC to withdraw. In addition, the industry ingeniously and effectively loaded the dice against newcomers (on the principle of squatters' rights) by offering to its AM advertisers simultaneous transmission over FM without extra charge. Newcomers consequently sought in vain for advertisers crazy enough to substitute payment for 'something for nothing.'"

"Why," Jack Gould summarizes the situation for the listener, "listen to Jack Benny on FM?"

Today more advertisers have begun to realize that there is an FM audience that can best be attracted by programs that are *not* duplicated on AM. It is an audience that several surveys (including one by Maxon, Inc., a large advertising agency that lists General Electric among its clients) have discovered consists of "higher income homes, more adult listeners, higher occupational status listeners, an audience with more education," and "more home owners."

Not only are there more FM-only stations than ever before but more AM-FM stations are programming differently for their FM signals. As a result, the advertiser is gradually giving up his insistence on getting FM representation as a free extra.

Enter Stereo

The prognosis for FM, already favorable, has become even more encouraging as a result of two recent developments. The first is the newest enthusiasm in the high-fidelity field—stereophonic recording, which attempts to reproduce the three-dimensional sound that is heard in live performance. Although there is already a sizable catalogue of stereophonic tapes, the industry consensus is that stereophonic discs will be the major commercial attraction for the general record public. Stereo discs and equipment with which to adapt monaural phonographs are expected to be in the stores by the end of the year. The industry, however, is currently undecided as to what kind of stereo disc and equipment will take over.

Since AM radio reproduces even monaural records inadequately, it will be FM that will attract stereo-conscious listeners—as in fact it already has. Several stations that have both AM and FM signals have been broadcasting stereo programs for some time. WQXR, which in 1939 became the first commercial FM station affiliated with an AM broadcaster in New York, started binaural programs in 1952, and for the past three years has been broadcasting all its live music programs in stereo.

Throughout the country, especially during the past year, additional stations have inaugurated regular

stereo series. Occasionally two FM stations in the same city, or one FM and one AM, will combine to produce stereophonic programs. In all these cases, the home listener, of course, has to station himself between the FM and AM speakers or between the two FM speakers—a much more satisfactory approach—to absorb the stereo effect.

The second development—multiplexing—permits an FM station to broadcast in stereo without aid from another outlet. Each FM station, because it operates on a wide channel, can carry up to three subsidiary signals in addition to its main signal. With stereo transmission equipment, an FM station could operate stereophonically by using both its main signal and one of its subsidiaries. Home FM sets will be able to pick up stereo-by-multiplexing through the use of various kinds of adapters. WBAI-FM, one of New York's more venturesome FM stations, expects to be able to broadcast stereophonically by multiplexing within a year or as soon as stereo adapters for FM radio sets are available in sufficient quantity.

Multiplexing, however, is of great importance economically to several FM stations because it allows them to acquire added income by broadcasting background-music programs to stores, offices, and similar locations on one of its multiplex signals, while its main signal is on the air for the FM public.

Radio Must Do What TV Cannot

Whatever new technical developments continue to increase the via-

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bility of FM, the success of the medium will continue to be based on its ability to realize imaginatively, as Jack Gould has emphasized, "that radio must do what TV cannot. That means music, for one thing, and for music, FM is far superior to AM. In time, I expect there'll be more and more 'live' music on FM like the Boston Symphony broadcasts on WQXR-AM-and-FM and the Chicago Symphony on WBAI-FM."

Although there are a few regional FM networks—the Concert Network, the Rural Radio Network, the Western FM Network, and some others—Gould envisions no substantial national FM network, because all of radio, both AM and FM, can function most effectively on a local basis. For educational stations, FM and AM, there is a taped network operated by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters.

By means of the NAEB network, an educational series originated, for example, on WGBH-FM, the Lowell Institute station in Boston, can be heard on scores of other educational stations around the country—sometimes two or more years later—by tape. WBAI-FM is one of the few commercial stations that has been able to sell some of the programs it originates—like Theodore Bikel's folk-song series. It is likely that an active tape network among commercial FM stations, similar in operation to the NAEB's, may develop as independent FM outlets create more unique programs.

THE NATURE and quality of FM's programming, more than any other factor, will determine its future. A measure of its health is that FM continues increasingly to appeal to minority tastes that are largely ignored by AM radio and TV. There is now even an all-jazz FM station, KNOB in Los Angeles. (AM radio has neglected real jazz even more than it has classical music.) WGBH-FM in Boston, in addition to jazz and classical music, schedules Peabody Award news analyst Louis Lyons—whose tart dissection of the news is matched in candor by few AM newscasters—as well as a number of courses from basic Spanish to problems of foreign policy. WBAI, in addition to its local programming, imports BBC and other European programs (as do many FM stations) and provides helpful local services, such as its daily 5 P.M. announcements of theaters that have tickets available for the same evening's performances.

A unique advantage of FM was demonstrated by New York's city-owned station, WNYC. Because WNYC's AM signal interfered with that of Minneapolis's clear-channel station WCCO, it has been forced to stop broadcasting at 10 P.M., EST., pending settlement of the dispute by the FCC. But, thanks to FM, the station is able to continue broadcasting classical music until dawn.

Another resourceful commercial FM station, WFMT in Chicago, has been operating as "Chicago's Fine Arts Station" since December, 1951. An index of the needs it fills in the community is the fact that its monthly magazine, the WFMT *Fine Arts Guide,* which contains a detailed schedule of its programs, has a paid circulation of 17,500 even though an annual subscription is four dollars.

A few FM stations are supported in whole or in part by their listeners in what are concrete financial terms. KPFA in Berkeley, California, a Peabody Award winner, expects a $25,000 deficit this year—its smallest proportionately since it began in

1949—but fondly hopes to raise the cash once more from its listeners. (Subscriptions or outright contributions to KPFA are tax-deductible.) Listeners to the station support it not only financially but sometimes manually. A recent notice in KPFA's program book, *Folio,* called for tape editors to join the other volunteers who help man the station.

A characteristic KPFA four-hour program for the afternoon might include a review of the British weeklies, a reading of *House at Pooh Corner,* a Concert for Young People, a jazz program, a choral concert of works from Bach to Villa-Lobos, and a digest of the Soviet press and periodicals.

PROBLEMS for FM remain. Coverage could be even broader. Large sections of the Midwest, Northwest, and Southwest are still without FM representation. Another minor but irritating problem is that very few newspapers log FM schedules, a rather senseless omission since it is usually the AM schedules that are all too predictable. More important is that not all FM stations issue a good signal, so that even a first-rate tuner at home will not always ensure optimum reception. There are also constant attempted raids on the FM broadcast range by applicants who would like to chop off some of the frequencies now allotted to FM.

Several FM broadcasters are concerned that the FCC may some day decide to cut back the twenty-megacycle FM wave spread to allow TV frequencies to expand or to provide intercommunication facilities for special industries like the American Petroleum Institute, long-distance truck firms, American Telephone and Telegraph, and various manufacturers' associations. Some FM adjuncts of AM broadcasters, in fact, keep their FM operations open mainly in order not to yield the frequency to nonbroadcasters.

More and more of the FM signals, however, are being actively and independently utilized. In October, 1956, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters sent survey forms to 334 FM member stations. Out of 168 replies, 152 said that they planned to continue operations. "We believe," said one broadcaster, "it will ultimately make a profit. In the meantime, the good will which FM created for our AM and TV operations is of inestimable value. With FM we reach a grateful, loyal audience which otherwise has been forgotten and neglected."

FM, in short, is prospering in direct ratio as it provides adults with a refuge from the blaring Children's Hour of the AM juke boxes and from the vacuity of most TV.

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A Musicians' Musician Within Everyone's Reach

ROGER MAREN

AMONG serious musicians, Roger Sessions is generally regarded as one of America's finest, most profound, and most uncompromising composers. But for years critics have been scaring concertgoers by writing of him as a "musicians' musician," a "cerebralist," and a forbidding, granitic composer whose music is far beyond the public's grasp. Until recently, performances of Sessions's music occurred too rarely for audiences to have much chance to check the validity of this opinion. Now, however, performances are more frequent and quite a few records are available. Audiences can finally make the rewarding discovery that Sessions is indeed a fine composer and really no more "unapproachable" than Beethoven.

Probably the best piece to begin with is the suite from *The Black Maskers* (Mercury MG 50106). It is certainly Sessions's least difficult work, and it is full of striking and theatrical moments. Scintillating orchestral effects follow each other in rapid succession. The rhythms are catchy. There are bold, forthright themes, ironic dancelike sections, evocative horn and trumpet calls. There are climaxes in which the build-up of harmonic tension, rhythmic intensity, tone color, and volume create some of the most sensational effects ever written.

The Black Maskers suite is an early work (1923), and Sessions never again indulged in quite the same kind of sensational theatricalism or tunefulness. But these qualities have always remained a part of his style in one way or another. Within thirty seconds of the opening of his Third Symphony (1956) a bold melodic pattern develops to a colorful climax over a pulsating accompaniment, and we know we are in the world of *The Black Maskers*. There is even a thematic similarity. His Second Symphony, composed in 1946 (Columbia ML 4784), is also closely related to the early work in this respect, and it has the additional advantage of a finale in the rousing, swirling style that has made Debussy's *Iberia* a concert favorite. The Piano Concerto (1956) exhibits these qualities. So does the *Idyll of Theocritus* (1954) for soprano and orchestra (Louisville Orchestra Recording LOU 57-4). Even the Second Piano Sonata, written in 1946 (Music Library 7003), and the Second String Quartet, written in 1951 (Columbia ML5105), are no exceptions, although, as with all chamber music, they are not likely to have as great an appeal as orchestral works, if only because the medium does not allow as much variety of color and contrast.

Moments as Part of the Whole

The Black Maskers is not typical Sessions, however. It is the only one of his works that can be appreciated on a quite primitive level. The sections are all fairly short. Their formal structure is quite simple. And there is so much striking detail that even if the structure is not clearly perceived, isolated events may seem meaningful and effective. In later works the design is usually more complex, and the effect of any moment depends to a great extent on its existence as part of the whole.

This is the result of what Sessions has called the "sweeping and cumulative deployment of a sustained musical impulse." He does not mean that the music is one uninterrupted flow of undifferentiated material. There is a great deal of contrast in the melody, harmony, rhythm, texture, and tone color. The whole is made of clearly defined parts, and the material of the parts themselves is extremely well articulated. Sessions means, rather, that the "main meat" of these pieces is not the detail but the total structure that results from the development of one moment into the next—a structure

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that is much more powerful and effective than any part. Details are certainly important and exciting, but if heard as isolated events their full effect will not be felt.

Toward the end of the middle section of the Second Quartet, for example, a loud, complex contrapuntal web coagulates rapidly into fast moving chords accompanying the first violin. At the climax of this short passage the first violin holds a high note, the volume of sound diminishes rapidly, the harmonic motion decelerates abruptly, and the second violin plays a poignant melodic fragment that ends softly and unaccompanied. The calm is immediately interrupted by a series of sonorous chords (bowed and pizzicato), loud at first and then suddenly soft. A two-note motif is played with great intensity by the first violin. Then, after a moment of complete silence, three parts join a low, pianissimo tremolo that eerily buzzes to a dead stop. The passage is so colorful that it is bound to have an effect even if heard out of context. But its effect on this level is really quite superficial. The full significance and poignancy of this moment can be grasped only by a listener who has become involved with the musical materials of the piece—the listener who has followed them closely and recognizes them here at a critical turning point in their journey from beginning to end.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY this characteristic of Sessions's music that critics have in mind when they call it forbidding and unapproachable. Appreciation of it requires a good memory, an ability to follow more than the treble line, an awareness of harmonic progression, and, in general, a rather cultivated musical sense. But almost all the most popular pieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and the other composers in the Viennese classical tradition require the same kind of listening.

The only new problem that listeners may encounter in trying to follow Sessions's music is that he employs a highly chromatic harmonic and melodic idiom that may put one off until one gets used to it. This is true of all really serious contemporary music, for, as Sessions has written, "Nothing could be clearer than the fact that the tradition on which the great florescence of the 18th and 19th centuries was based has no longer any vitality so far as the present and future are concerned." (For an explanation of why this is true, see Sessions's provocative book *The Musical Experience of Composer, Performer, Listener,* published by the Princeton University Press.) Almost all the other aspects of his music should seem familiar. Melodies are traditional in contour. Orchestration and the use of solo instruments is conventional. There are no "weird sounds." Rhythmic structures frequently follow conventional dance patterns. The general movement ebbs and flows in such a way as to be easily associated with various types of breathing. And the style is eclectic.

An Accident of Accessibility

Sessions is not afraid to borrow whatever can serve his purpose. There is a continual use of musical gestures that have come to have a conventional expressive meaning because they have been used so frequently by so many composers for the same expressive effects—"threatening" trombones, "ominous" drums, "elegiac" winds, strings, and harp, "straining" harmonies, and so on. All these elements conspire to place Sessions's music well within reach—though not necessarily within easy reach—of any audience that appreciates serious classical music.

This, it seems to me, is a stroke of good fortune for today's audiences. There is really very little contemporary music as fine as Sessions's that is within their reach. Audiences are deprived of a great deal of rich experience because some of our best composers write music so unfamiliar in its treatment of the materials that it makes little sense to any but those directly involved with it. Audiences can hardly be blamed for not being able to distinguish the best of it from the nonsense written by the phonies or the sincere incompetents who form a part of the *avant-garde* camp. And I use the term "good fortune" because the accessibility of Sessions's work is certainly not the result of any conscious design. It is rather a reflection of his personality and therefore a lucky accident. When Sessions writes, he is not in the least concerned with what might go over with an audience. He is deeply and single-mindedly involved with composing music that satisfies him. His immediate concerns are technical—how to work the material so that it "comes out right." This is a very personal and, if you will, selfish activity, since it means that the composer is involved with the solution of inner conflicts that he has projected into his medium. Thoughts of the public would be distracting.

SESSIONS is not unconcerned with the problem of the composer's relation to his audience, however. He realizes that when an audience hears a piece of music, it shares the composer's experience, and communication is established. He feels that this is of the greatest public value, and also that it is what the public really wants. But "we cannot hope to establish a valid relationship with the public," he writes, "by means of short-cuts—neither by flattering the listener through concessions (however well concealed) to the taste of the majority, nor by seeking to limit the musical vocabulary to what is easily understood. . . What the public really wants from music, in the last analysis, is neither the mirrored image of itself nor fare chosen for easy digestibility, but vital and relevant experience. The composer can furnish such experience by writing from the plenitude of complete conviction and without constraint. One cannot hope ever to convince anyone unless one is convinced oneself; and this is the composer's sole means of contact with an audience."

This may be the *sine qua non* for a successful audience-composer relationship, but there are other factors. The music must have at least some familiar elements if it is not to baffle an audience, and it must be brilliant as well as dramatic. These, of course, are just the qualities found in Sessions's music. Perhaps this is why we are hearing more of it today. The music business, conductors, and performers learned belatedly from the case of Bartók that in rare instances contemporary music of the highest quality can be not only admirable but also successful. Perhaps they have begun to realize that Roger Sessions is writing that kind of music.

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Novelists and Storytellers: An Inside View

ALFRED KAZIN

WRITERS AT WORK: THE PARIS REVIEW INTERVIEWS. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Viking. $5.*

The *Paris Review,* founded in 1953, has been marked by the cosmopolitanism and literary good breeding that are so typical of the new American writers. Significantly, its most distinguished feature has been a series of unusually vivid interviews with established English, French, American, and Italian novelists in which the questioners, by their modesty, seriousness, and skill, have brought out these famous writers at their best. It is not altogether a good sign though that so many young writers should be *this* modest; anyone who is concerned with the development of contemporary writing away from the old masters of the 1920's can't help being a little chilled by the utterly respectful and stenographic role which new writers have played here with so much sensitive knowledge.

On the other hand, the book itself is a unique and wonderful document of the writer's passion. The art of the literary interview, so little known off the European mainland, has been practiced here with a subtlety that I have never seen before in an American context. Our literary expatriates have gone to good schools. The very conception of a "literary dialogue," a form in which French schoolboys are trained at an age when American boys are still nibbling bark off trees, supposes a formal tradition in literature to which both speakers in the dialogue can refer. It also supposes that the writer who comes out of such a tradition discovers his creative form —he does not have to invent one. It is typical of the American writer's feeling of isolation, of his crankiness and queerness, that Dorothy Parker, Nelson Algren, and William Styron sound here as if they had never had a chance before to sound off about their hopes and needs as *writers.* Our writers feel cut off—not because they are so few but because there is no literary tradition that will make them feel at home even with themselves. But it is also true that imaginative writers are generally at their best when they can talk professionally—and here they are given full chance to do so.

EVEN the most famous writer seems on inside view to be modest and experimental—proud not of his fame but of the discoveries he has made as a craftsman; aware, as only a writer can be, of the gap between his conception and his final achievement; sobered as well as exhilarated by the very number of projects continuously opened up to him by his imagination. I have never seen a book that reveals so movingly the underlying similarity of creative writers. Although the subjects vary in age from E. M. Forster to Françoise Sagan, in intellectual background from François Mauriac to Nelson Algren, there is a striking agreement in the spirit, as well as in the facts, with which they responded to the set questions: when they first began to write; how they first get the "germ" of a story or a novel.

This is a perfect example of the mystery of vocation, the particular literary bent that makes a writer go in one direction rather than another. It is obedience to the inner voice—always the voice of one muse rather than another—that a good writer learns early. All these writers share an awareness that has made them give up note taking as useless, since the literary structure of a story or novel brings into play all the requisite memories, whether of personal experience or of imaginative events. The writer's sense of himself as a discoverer, through the instrument and discipline of a particular form, gives him the sense that his life is consumed in the solving of problems. But this creativity

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also makes him strange to himself; he learns that there is another man in him who follows laws all his own, who responds to creative situations, who has to be appeased in order to give the external self a moment's peace.

'It's Almost Unbearable'

The strangeness that a writer can feel toward himself comes out unforgettably in the most remarkable interview in the book—with Georges Simenon. Although Simenon in this country is known largely for his "Maigret" detective stories (psychologically the most mature of all contemporary detective stories), he regards these as "commercial" fiction and is firmly committed to novels in which he feels no need to make concessions of any sort. ("I never do that, never, never, never. Otherwise I wouldn't write. It's too painful to do that if it's not to go to the end.") Despite their extreme brevity, his novels are almost classic examples for our time of what a novel is, for they are entirely concerned with the development of character. These books are written in such unrelieved concentration that fortunately they don't take more than a week or so; after each bout with a novel, Simenon has to be examined by a doctor before he is allowed to write another.

A pompous German pseudo philosopher, Count Hermann Keyserling, once described Simenon as an "imbecile genius"; Simenon, as he himself notes, was endlessly fascinating to André Gide, the very type of the intellectual as novelist, as a startling example of pure creativity. His working habits are fantastic. When he writes, he is absorbed completely by his imagination. After getting his "idea," Simenon starts by scrawling on a manila envelope "only the names of the characters, their ages, their families. I know nothing whatever about the events that will occur later. Otherwise it would not be interesting to me. . . And the beginning will be always the same; it is almost a geometrical problem: I have such a man, such a woman, in their surroundings. What can happen to them to oblige them to go to their limit?" Then he is off. "When I am doing a novel now I don't see anybody, I don't speak to anybody, I don't take a phone call—I live just like a monk. All the day I am one of my characters. I feel what he feels." Simenon explains that he has to be the same character through the writing of that novel—"because most of my novels show what happens around one character. The other characters are always seen by him. So it is in this character's skin I have to be. And it's almost unbearable after five or six days. That is one of the reasons why my novels are so short; after eleven days I can't—it's impossible."

OTHER NOVELISTS in this book, like Joyce Cary and Faulkner, seem equally possessed. But they are certainly different from the bright short-story writers, like Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Truman Capote, who write directly to the reader, and who talk to the interviewer with a self-conscious smartness. (With Dorothy Parker, the pathos is there, too, like an aching tooth.) The Simenons and Faulkners sound not only more deep, but inexpressibly more absorbed; Faulkner, too, talks as if he were already on the track of one of his favorite characters, pushing the human soul "to the limit," toward that ultimate test which, as Simenon says, is the fascination of writing novels.

This concern with the ultimate shades of human personality calls for a style that will provide creative rhythm, a mood equivalent to tone in poetry, something that will carry the story line. It is characteristic of the commercial misuse of the short story in this country—a form that compels the writer to "wow" the reader—that whereas Simenon speaks of this rhythm as a force, Capote emphasizes the necessity of "maintaining a stylistic and emotional upper hand over your material." "Call it precious and go to hell," he says defensively, "but I believe a story can be wrecked by a faulty rhythm in a sentence—especially if it occurs toward the end—or a mistake in paragraphing, even punctuation. . . ." This is a fair description of the editorial conceptions behind the *New Yorker,* and it is interesting in this connection to quote Thurber's recollection that Harold Ross "read so carefully that often he didn't get the sense of your story. I once said: 'I wish you'd read my stories for pleasure, Ross.' He replied that he hadn't time for that."

Looking Through the Keyhole

Capote himself is not as frivolous as he sounds; like many an American short-story writer who lives off magazines, he has by now so often delivered the same chic goods to the same chic customer that, as he says, he can't imagine writing anything that won't sell. Simenon is lucky in being a novelist; he can still write to please himself. It is precisely because he works on a larger scale and knows "nothing whatever about the events that will occur later" that he goes to the heart of our modern realization that human beings, above everything else, are *strange*—to themselves and to each other. This realization fascinates and terrifies Simenon, who laments the impossibility of complete communication between even two people, in a world in which more and more millions crowd us in. Even when he was a boy, this theme gave him a sense of loneliness.

But this concern is central to writers in our time, when so many fixed notions of human nature have been abandoned. "Because society today is without a very strong religion, without a firm hierarchy of social classes, and people are afraid of the big organization in which they are just a little part, for them reading certain novels is a little like looking through the keyhole to learn what the neighbor is doing and thinking. . . ."

It is interesting to compare Simenon's view with that of the Catholic novelist François Mauriac, who declares that the crisis of the novel derives from the loss of the Christian conception of man, and that in the purely psychological novel of our time, human character itself tends to disappear. Mauriac feels that the growing indistinctness of characters in novels can be seen even at the end of Proust's masterpiece, and that between *Swann's Way* ("the perfect novel") and *The Past Recaptured,* the characters dissolve. Mauriac complains that along with nonrepresentational art we now have the nonrepresentational novel—"the characters simply have no distinguishing features."

Is it because nowadays the char-

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acters in novels are weak and indistinct beyond the possibility of saving that the short story, which can triumph as the presentation of an incident or a situation, is so popular in this country? Although one of the most striking interviews in the book is with Joyce Cary—a type of "pure" novelistic imagination if ever there was one—Cary's insistence on character as essentially "free," wholly imaginative about life, explains why, at least to me, Cary's extraordinary intelligence and wit seem to create characters who are essentially unconnected with the real world—ideas rather than people. In similar terms, Frank O'Connor cites James Joyce's weakness as a novelist; the lack of development in *Ulysses*. O'Connor says that *Ulysses* was first written as a short story of thirty pages, originally entitled "Mr. Hunter's Day," and he insists that "it's still thirty pages. It's all development sideways."

It would seem to be lack of "development"—the novelist's failure to extend characters into time, the failure to create plot, which alone can "oblige characters to go to their limit"—that is symptomatic of what has happened to the novel in our day, when no one knows any longer the true measure of character. Conrad, in a famous passage in *Lord Jim*, spoke of "the destructive element" to which a man must give himself with the desperate courage of a swimmer in a heavy sea. But it would seem that novelists today are afraid to oblige characters "to go to their limit," for fear of destroying the human creature altogether. It is fear of all the fissionable material in the immediate human atmosphere, as well as the reluctance to give up our outworn ideas, that keeps the novel—the great modern form that D. H. Lawrence called "the book of life"—from going forward. At the moment we are moored in arts of exposition and analysis, where the writer is all too much one with the reader, and writes to be agreed with —rather than for that marvelous unknown world which still awaits his personal discovery.

The Influence Of Reinhold Niebuhr

PERRY MILLER

PIOUS AND SECULAR AMERICA, by Reinhold Niebuhr. *Scribner. $3.*

It is by now somewhat difficult to recapture the shock many of us felt when we first encountered the ideas of Reinhold Niebuhr back in the 1930's. In the midst of a social crisis that seemed to call only for sociological and political analyses, he entered boldly, panoplied with a shield upon which was written a series of theological paradoxes, notably that of moral man and immoral society. ("Paradox," along with "irony," has always been one of Niebuhr's favorite words: on the first page of this latest collection of essays we encounter, "How shall we explain this paradox?") Speaking as a Christian and an ordained minister, he dedicated his tremendous energies, as he does once more in this volume, to declaring that "The self-deception of the righteous, whether godly or godless, is the chief engine of evil in the world."

Time and considerable repetition —Niebuhr has been prodigiously prolific—have familiarized a large public with his inversions. Even those who have never studied *The Nature and Destiny of Man* will suppose themselves ready to follow with ease the concluding piece of this volume, "Mystery and Meaning," which is a wonderful condensation of the essence of Niebuhr. It is heartening to behold him still pressing on with undiminished vigor, and we must freely acknowledge the immense stimulation he has given to the life of the mind in modern America.

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from this new collection emphasizes the peculiar—even paradoxical—nature of his impact. Leaving aside any estimate of his effect on the Protestant pulpit—which has obviously been great, though not overwhelming—perhaps the most striking aspect of his career has been his appeal to hundreds who cannot, along with him (though he says it only incidentally), attest that they speak as believing Christians. Morton White has invented a telling phrase, "atheists for Niebuhr," and gently but justifiably pokes fun at those who, like myself, have copiously availed themselves of Niebuhr's conclusions without pretending to share his basic and, to him, indispensable premise.

We can all rejoice, for instance, at his terming "ludicrous" the American predilection for perfectibility and share his scorn for those who, rejecting the Garden of Eden, blind themselves to the fact that both man's misery and man's dignity "have the same root, namely, his freedom." He applies his profound theological perception of the fact that in every "sin" shines a darkened likeness of Omnipotence to all categories of evaluation—race relations, literature, and politics. His strategy is repeatedly to make both theological and social generalizations yield up their concealed inconsistencies, with the exciting result that freedom escapes the trap.

ALL THIS, I must reluctantly add, has been attained at the cost of repetition often approaching the mechanical. Niebuhr can, without arrogance, say that "the frame of meaning, established by the traditionally historic religions, has become much more relevant to the modern man than seemed possible a century ago." He says it humbly, because it is impossible not to see that he himself has been an agent in vindicating his thesis.

Whereupon, the contention fully established, a gnawing question arises: by what further and extraordinary convulsions of the human spirit shall paradox itself be saved from becoming merely a conventional way of explaining—and thus to some degree of rationalizing and justifying—the unrighteousness of the righteous?

A Great Deal More Than a Cookbook

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE FOOD OF FRANCE, by Waverley Root. With an introduction by Samuel Chamberlain. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. *Knopf. $10.*

Somewhere in this book, it must be admitted, there is a mention of certain dishes that "cry loudly for a dry white wine," but the intrusion of jargon is rare; *The Food of France* is a straightforward and thoughtful book. It is no cookbook, although the way many dishes are prepared is made so clear that a reader will want to try some of them out. But nothing in the book will make him feel obliged to plaster his kitchen with travel posters, masquerade in a chef's bonnet, or wear an apron with the Eiffel Tower printed on it; he will not have to translate grammes into ounces or send out to Market Street in San Francisco or Shaker Square in Cleveland for the Beaujolais that the Père Thomas served twenty years ago to favored clients from the abattoir, over the *zinc*, in Poubelles-lès-Trous before tourists came in their 2CV Citroëns and made the prices go up. He can stick to his whiskey or beer. But the beans from the corner grocer may taste a little better when he has cooked them in the manner, more or less, of Carcassonne, or Castelnaudary, or of Toulouse.

This book uses the names of French dishes and wines, rivers, mountains, plains, cities, and villages in the way Proust used the titles of the French aristocracy—to reach back into France's past, join that past to the present, and draw from the land its deep intimations of continuity. Proust faced and overcame the dangers of antiquarianism and snobbery; an American literary man writing about French restaurants and food also risks sounding snobbish, frivolous, and tedious, but not when, like Waverley Root, he is profoundly, indeed poetically, interested in the relationship between what the French eat and the climatic, geographical, and historical causes that favor or determine their choice.

Then he will be able to list French rivers, allowing their very names to do almost all the work of evoking the pasture lands through which they flow, the great valleys they nourish, the seas they reach. He will talk about the mountain ranges: those once effective, now useless fortresses that face Germany, Italy, and Spain, and about those other ranges, the Cévennes, the Jura, that defend the French within their own country against the too flat, the too straight road, against unrelieved sameness. He will place the cow, the goat, the hog, the goose, the fish, in the fields, the mountains, the barnyards, the streams and lakes they inhabit. He will take cabbages, mushrooms, thyme, and laurel from where, precisely where, the peasants take them. Then combining all these meats, flavors, and greens, he will watch them cook, draw in the fragrance they give as they simmer, bring them to the table. Each time he does this it will be as if he were not talking so much about food as about quiet people—that is to say nonpolitical people—in the countryside, in the mountains, in the cities too, gathering after the day's work to sit at table and replenish their strength.

THE ALGERIAN WAR is not in this book, nor the First World War or the Second, nor any economics or any politics. *The Food of France* produces this curious effect: politicians and intellectuals vanish, Sartre is silenced; one forgets even the name of that woman who drives fast cars and writes, together with the names of those who talk about her; Communists no longer demonstrate in front of the American embassy or march to the Assembly; there is an end to recrimination, argument, and despair. It is an admirable book that can bring about this admirable, if transitory, result.

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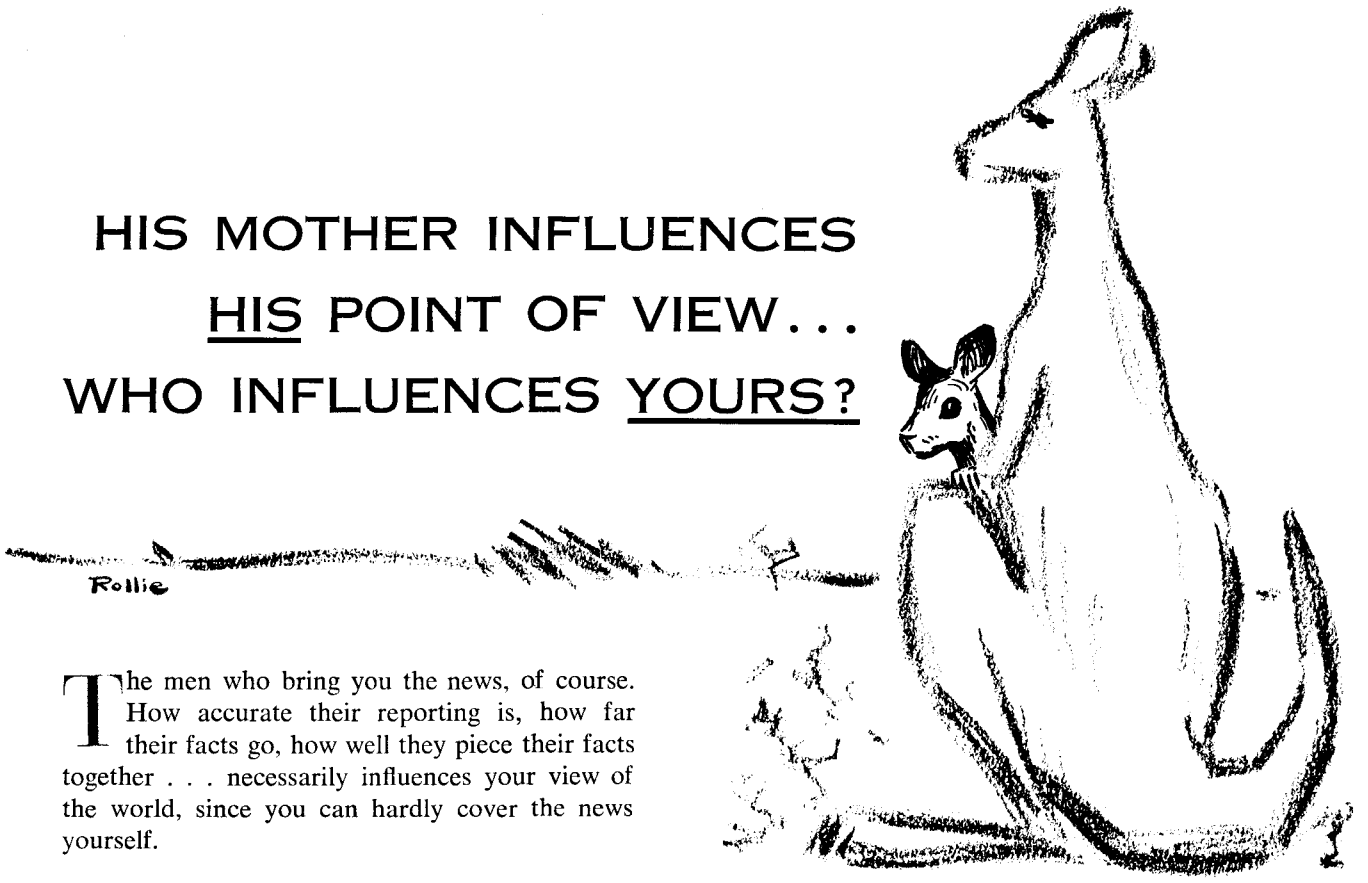
HIS MOTHER INFLUENCES HIS POINT OF VIEW... WHO INFLUENCES YOURS?



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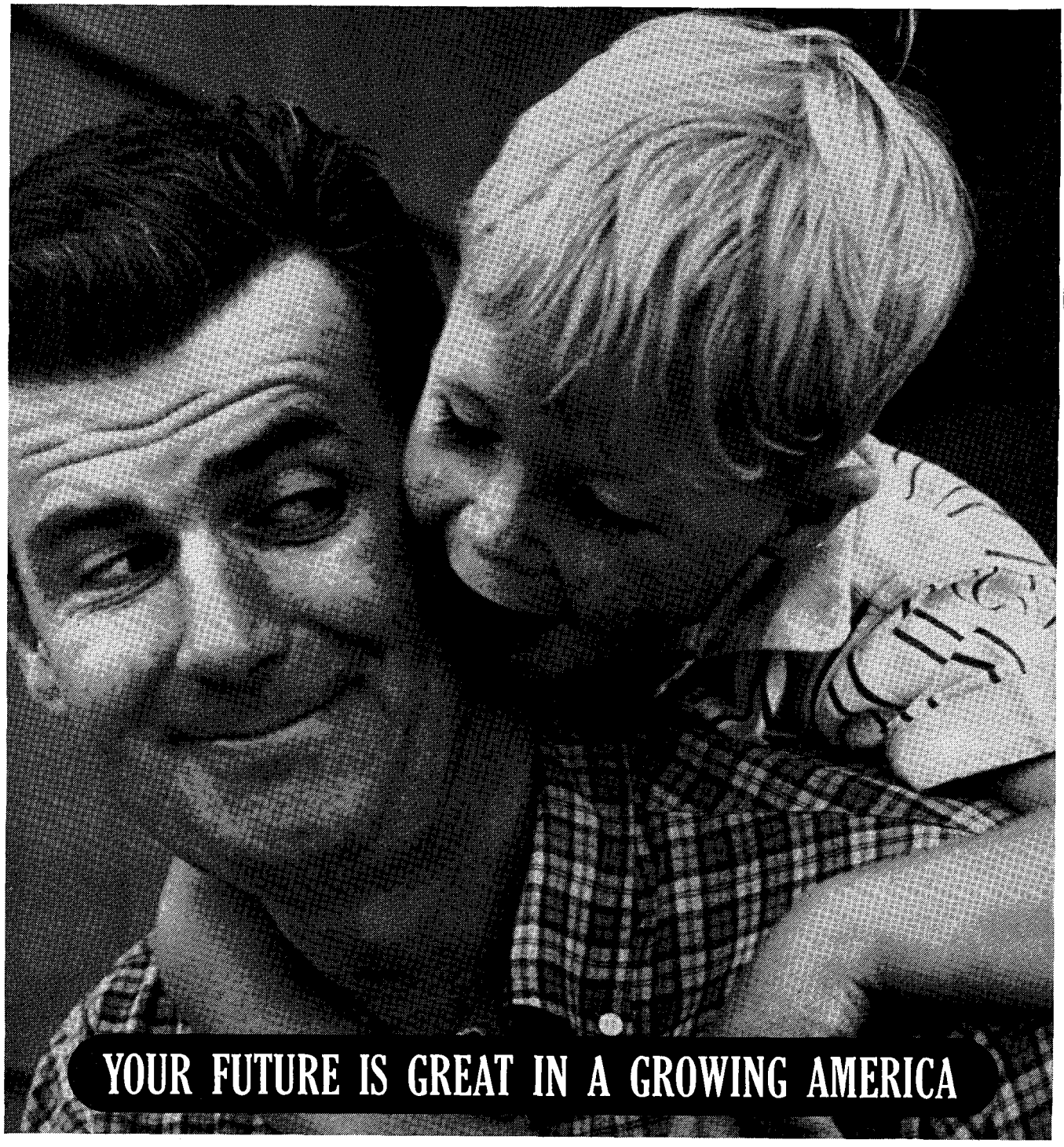

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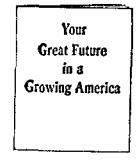

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